

No. 15

OCT.-NOV.

COOKIE

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...

COOKIE,
PLEASE! NOT
IN FRONT OF
GREGORY
PECK!



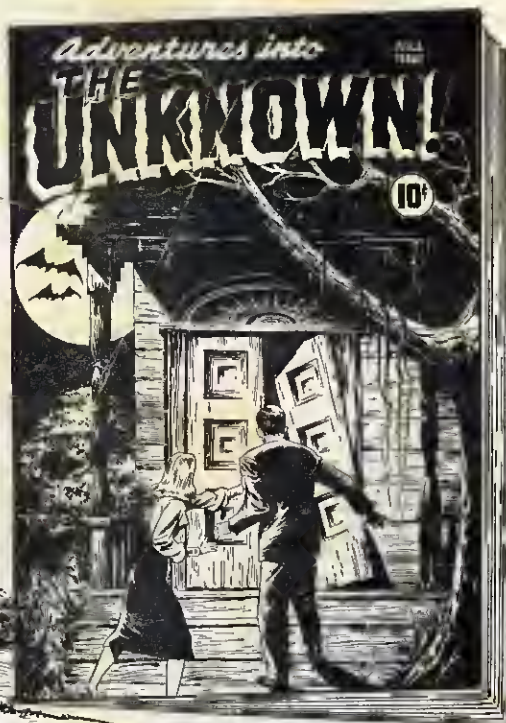


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

NEW... CREEPY... CHILLINGLY DIFFERENT!

"adventures into
THE UNKNOWN!"

...THAT JUST-OFF-THE-PRESS COMICS
MAGAZINE THAT'S GOT THE COUNTRY
CAPTIVATED!



For THE FIRST TIME... A
MAGAZINE ABOUT **GHOSTS!**
A MAGAZINE THAT'S CRAMMED
COVER TO COVER WITH
STRANGE STORIES OF...

THE UNKNOWN!

DO **WEREWOLVES** EXIST?
DO **SPIRITS** WALK? CAN A
HOUSE BE **HAUNTED**? NO
MATTER WHAT THE ANSWER,
YOU'RE IN FOR THE TREAT
OF A LIFETIME!

READ **THE UNKNOWN!** FOR OUT-OF-
THIS-WORLD WONDERS SUCH AS
YOU'VE **NEVER** SEEN...FOR A THRILL-
TIME EXPERIENCE YOU'LL REMEMBER
FOREVER! IT'S ALL IN...

"adventures into
THE UNKNOWN!"

10¢ ON ALL
STANDS

"COOKIE"

FOR GOODNESS SAKE,
STOP THAT HAMMERING
AND COME TO BREAK-
FAST, POP!

JUST A MINUTE, MOM!
POP'S FIXIN' IT SO'S
LADY LUCK WILL
SMILE ON HIM...
HUH, POP?

LADY LUCK

COULD
BE, SON...
COULD
BE!

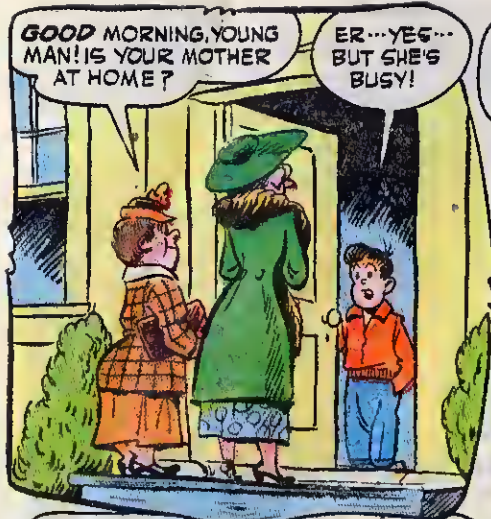
OW!

HA-HA!

ER...WOULD
YA CALL THAT
A LUCKY
STRIKE,
POP?

COOKIE! STOP
TEASING YOUR FATHER
AND ANSWER THE
DOOR, LIKE A GOOD
BOY!

RRRING!



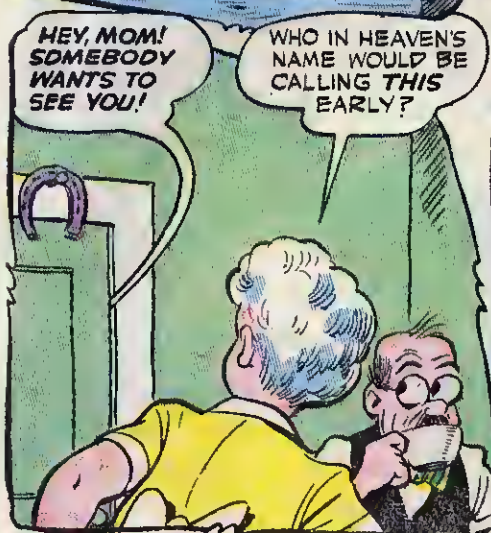
GOOD MORNING, YOUNG MAN! IS YOUR MOTHER AT HOME?

ER...YES... BUT SHE'S BUSY!

TOO BUSY TO ACCEPT **ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS?**

YES...YOU SEE, WE REPRESENT THE **FUZZ FLAKES COMPANY** ...AND IF YOUR MOTHER CAN CONVINCE US SHE'S ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT OUR SOAP FLAKES, WE'LL PAY HER **\$100** FOR HER ENDORSEMENT!

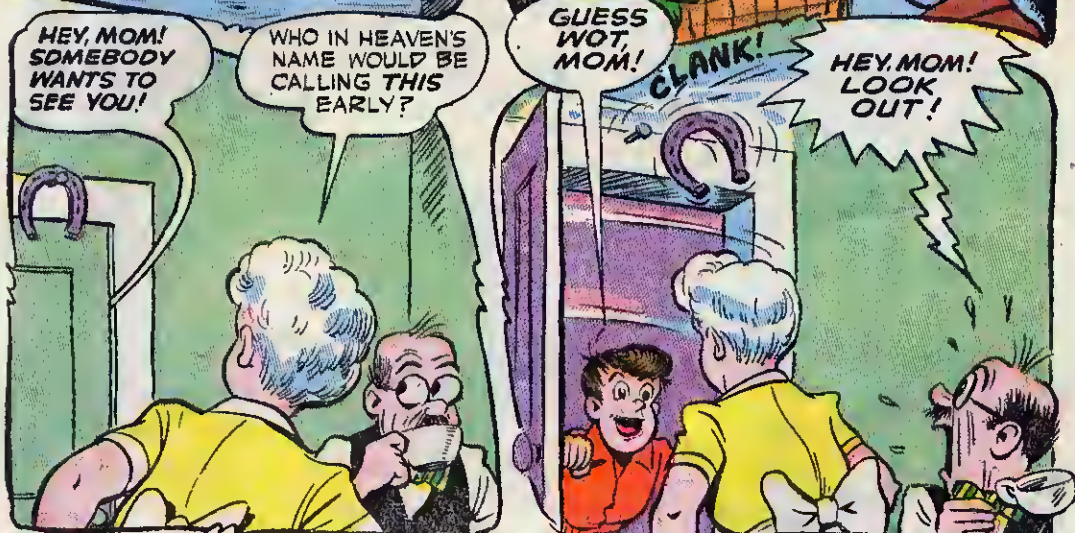
WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE ...**COME IN!** I'LL GET HER!



HEY, MOM! SOMEBODY WANTS TO SEE YOU!

WHO IN HEAVEN'S NAME WOULD BE CALLING THIS EARLY?

GUESS NOT, MOM!



CLANK!

HEY, MOM! LOOK OUT!



BONG!

I'M AFRAID YOUR MOTHER DOESN'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE RIGHT NOW, COOKIE!

OH, B-BROTHER!



JEEPERS, THAT'S TOO BAD! AN' THEY WANTED TA PAY HER A **HUNDRED BUCKS!**...JUST TA SAY SHE LIKED **FUZZ FLAKES!**

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS
...JUST FOR LIKING
FUZZ FLAKES? DOES
YOUR MOTHER USE
THEM?

SURE...SHE'S BEEN
USIN' THEM FOR
MONTHS! WHY,
THERE'S A BOX
IN THE PANTRY
NOW!

THEN TAKE CARE OF
YOUR FATHER... I MEAN,
MOTHER...WHILE I BE
POP... I MEAN, MOM!
I MEAN...WELL, WE
CAN'T PASS UP
THAT HUNDRED
BUCKS!

BUT POP! ONLY
THE LADY OF
THE HOUSE
CAN GET
IT!

FOR A HUNDRED
CLAMS, I'D BE
GRETA GARBO!
...SAY, THAT HORSE-
SHOE WAS LUCKY
AT THAT!

IF IT HADN'T HIT MOM,
SHE'D PROBABLY HAVE
SAID THE WRONG THING
TO THEM! YESSIR, LADY
LUCK PUT THE WHOLE
THING IN MY HANDS
...AND I'M JUST THE
GUY WHO CAN HANDLE
IT! I'LL MAKE 'EM
THINK I'M CA-RAZY
ABOUT THIS
STUFF!

ER...MRS.
O'TOOLE...
I P-PRESUME?

AND WHAT A COIN-
CIDENCE...WITH A BOX
OF FUZZ FLAKES, NO
LESS!...DO YOU LIKE
THEM, MRS. O'TOOLE?

LIKE THEM?
WHY, I'M NUTS
ABOUT THEM!
I EAT A BOWL
AT EVERY
MEAL!

UMMM...
DELICIOUS!...ULP!
ARRGH! BURP!
GLOOPEFF...

HEY, MOM'S OKAY
NOW, POP!...HEY,
POP! YER NOT
SUPPOSED TO
EAT 'EM!

POP?...AN
IMPOSTOR!

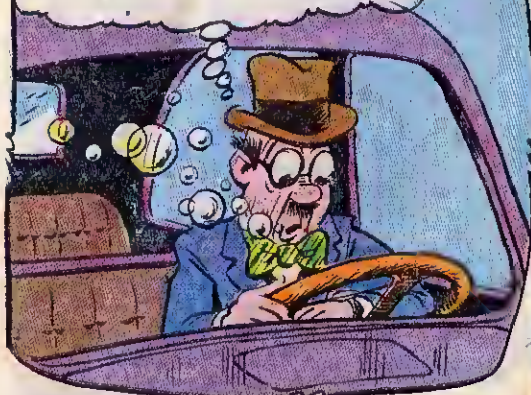
AH...MAYBE I BETTER
TAKE THAT HORSE-
SHOE OUT AN' LOSE
IT, HUH?

NO!...
BLUB...
FRRRFFFF...

...NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! ANY DOUGH I GET, I'LL HAVE TO EARN BENDING OVER A HOT DESK!...HOLY SMOKE! I'M LATE NOW!

MORNING, O'TOOLE! IS THAT A DROOL, OR DID YOU FORGET TO USE THE RAZOR?

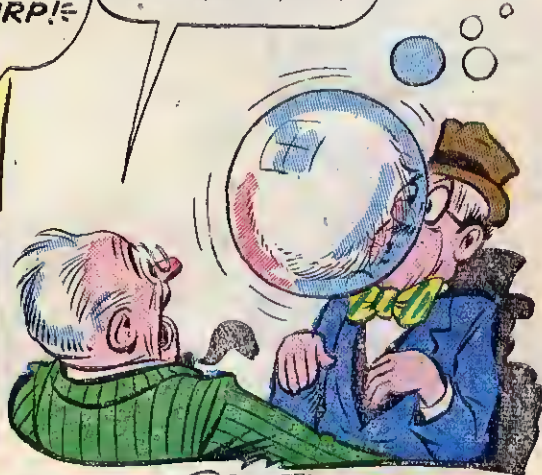
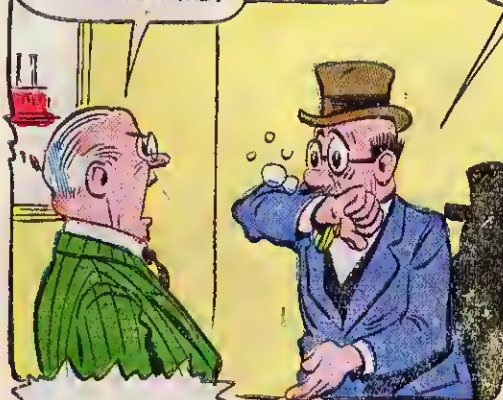
==BLUB!==
VERY FUNNY!



LATE AGAIN O'TOOLE? DON'T YOU REALIZE YOU'RE A BAD INFLUENCE ON THE OTHER WORKERS? WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO *GROW UP* AND TAKE YOUR POSITION IN LIFE *SERIOUSLY*? ...ANSWER ME!

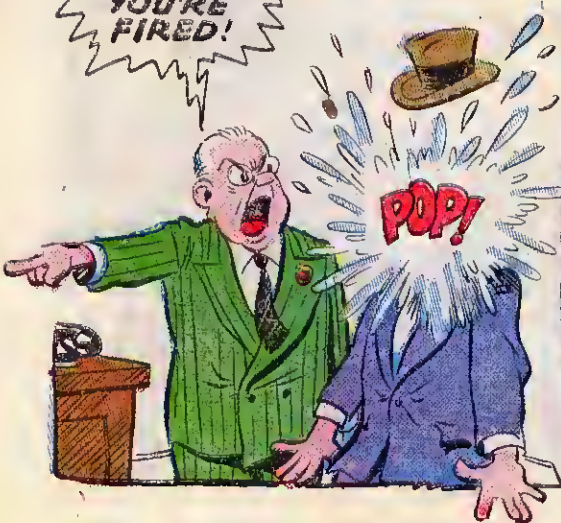
WELL, I ...ER...
==URP!==

BUBBLE GUM HE BLOWS! A JUVENILE DELINQUENT, YET!



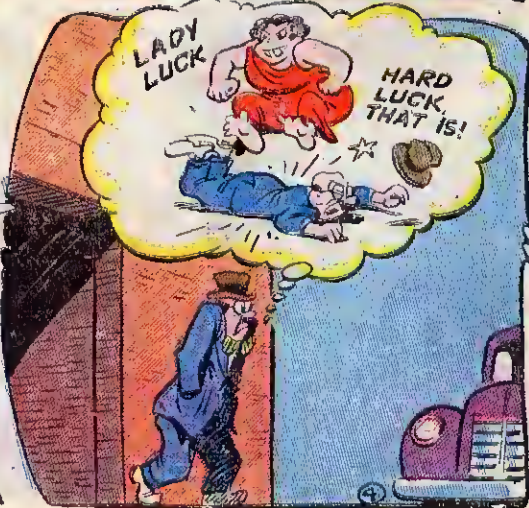
GET OUT...
YOU'RE FIRED!

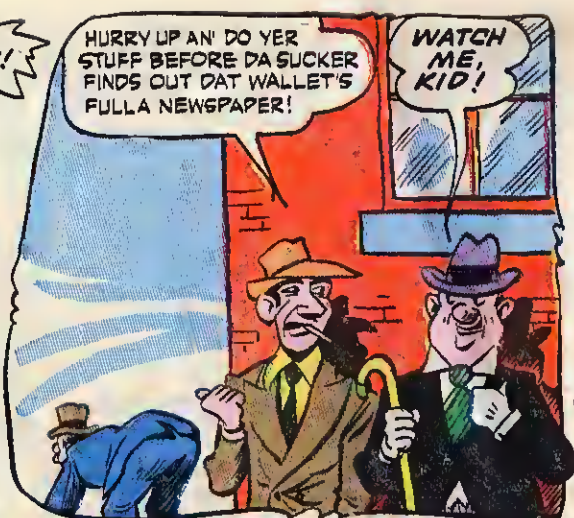
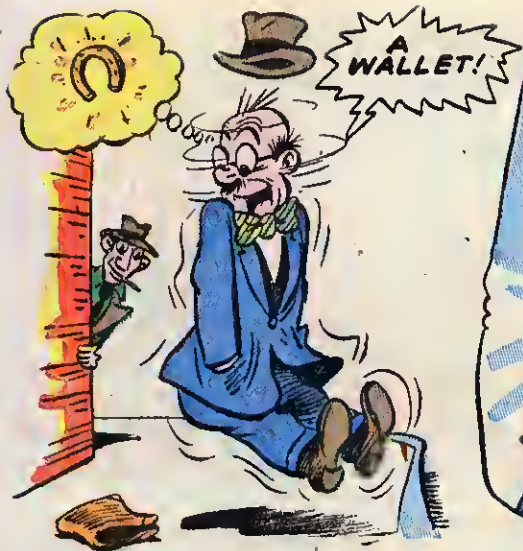
POP!



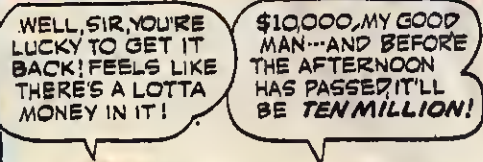
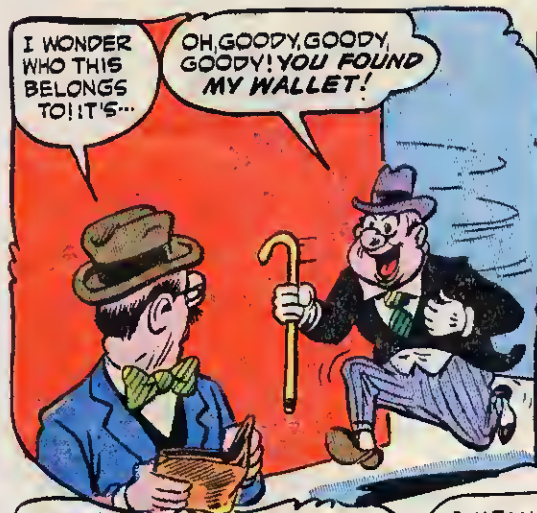
LADY LUCK

HARD LUCK, THAT IS!





WATCH ME, KID!



\$10,000, MY GOOD MAN... AND BEFORE THE AFTERNOON HAS PASSED, IT'LL BE TEN MILLION!



WOW! I WISH I HAD A DEAL LIKE THAT! IT WOULD TURN MY LITTLE \$50 HERE INTO FIFTY THOUSAND!

\$5000!
\$\$\$--
GIMME!

I MEAN... ER... AS A REWARD FOR FINDING MY WALLET, I'M GOING TO INCLUDE YOUR FIFTY IN MY DEAL!... HOW DOES THAT SOUND TO YOU?

WELL... GEE... I... ER... AH...

DON'T BOTHER THANKING ME! THERE'S MY CARD... I'LL SEE YOU LATER WITH YOUR FIFTY GRAND!



POP'S \$50.00

LOOK, JITTER-
BUCK... IT'S
POP!

WOT'S WITH HIM?
LOOKS LIKE HE'S
FLIPPED HIS
FEDORA!

HEY, POP!
WOT'S UP?

SO IT'S YOU... YOU WHO
LAUGHED WHEN I HUNG UP
THE HORSESHOE!... WELL,
NOW IT'S MY TURN TO
ROAR! HA-HA-HA!
...LOOK!

YIPPEE!
I'M
RICH!

SO WOT'S
FUNNY ABOUT,
IT, POP?

SOPHONY OIL CO.
423 RIVER ST.
I.M. SOPHONY, PRES.
Tel. IOU 50000

IT'S NOT FUNNY,
MY BOY... IT'S OUR
TICKET TO RICHES!
\$50,000 WORTH!

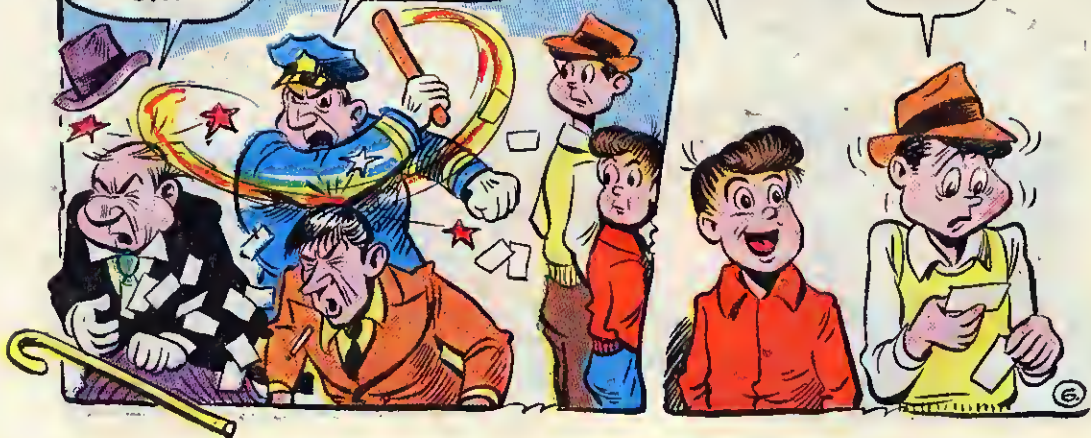
WHOOPEE!
I GOTTA TELL
MOM!

BUT OFFICER...
WE'RE RESPECTABLE
BUSINESSMEN!
LOOK... I'VE GOT
BUSINESS CARDS
... OW!

YES, AN' YE'VE
GOT BIZNESS WITH
THE JUDGE TOO,
YE CROOK! GIT
ALONG THERE!

BUSINESS CARDS...
HA! WOT IS IT, JIT...
THE ACE OF SPADES?

WELL... ER... DON'T
LOOK NOW, COOKIE
... BUT IF YER POP
HAD THIS ONE,
HE'D HAVE A
PAIR!

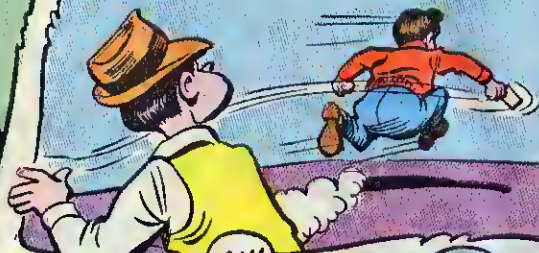


YOU
M-MEAN...?

YEAH! THAT GUY WUZ
SOPHONY...THE GUY
THAT'S GONNA MAKE
YER POP RICH!

HEY, COOKIE...
WAIT UP! WHERE
YA GOIN' WITH
THE CARD?

HOME! I GOT A FEELIN' POP
OUGHTA KNOW ABOUT THIS
BEFORE HE STARTS
SQUANDERIN' THE
FORTUNE HE WON'T
GET!



IN THE MEANTIME...AT HOME...

POP, MR. WITHERSPOON'S
ON THE PHONE! HE WANTS
TO APOLOGIZE FOR
FIRING YOU, AND
WANTS YOU TO...

\$ \$ \$
\$50,000
\$ \$

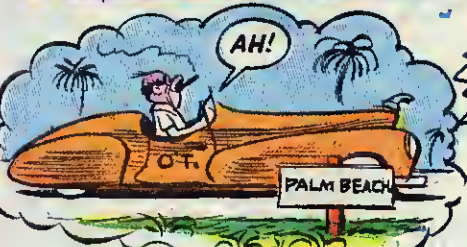
--- TELL HIM
PHOOEY!
--- I'VE
RETIRED!



HEY,
POP!



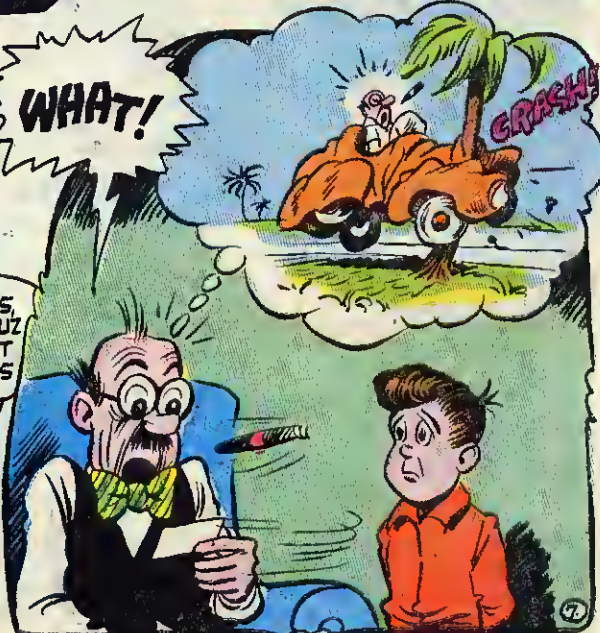
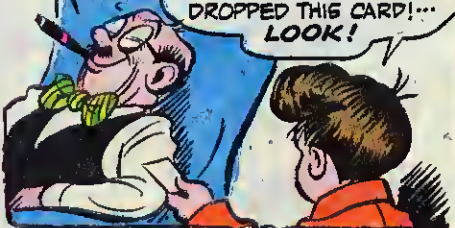
AH!



WHAT!

YES,
COOKIE?

I HATE TO TELL YOU THIS,
POP, BUT THAT GUY WHO WUZ
GONNA MAKE YA RICH IS JUST
A **CROOK!** WHEN THE COPS
WERE TAKIN' HIM AWAY, HE
DROPPED THIS CARD!...
LOOK!



NO! NO! THERE
MUST BE SOME
MISTAKE!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR
FATHER? DID HE FIND OUT
THAT THERE WASN'T ANY
SANTA CLAUS?

THAT'S RIGHT, MOM...
WE'RE POOR AGAIN!
SO WOT? POP'S
GOT A GOOD JOB...
AN'...

THAT'S JUST IT, COOKIE
---HE *HASN'T* A JOB!
MR. WITHERSPOON
FIRED HIM THIS
MORNING! I DON'T
KNOW WHAT WE'LL
DO!

JEEPS! NO JOB
MEANS NO DOUGH...
NO DOUGH MEANS NO
ALLOWANCE... NO
ALLOWANCE MEANS
NO DATES... NO DATES
MEANS NO GIRL...

PHOOEY!

JEEPERS!

WHERE ARE YOU
GOING, SON?

OUT TO GET
A JOB, OF
COURSE!

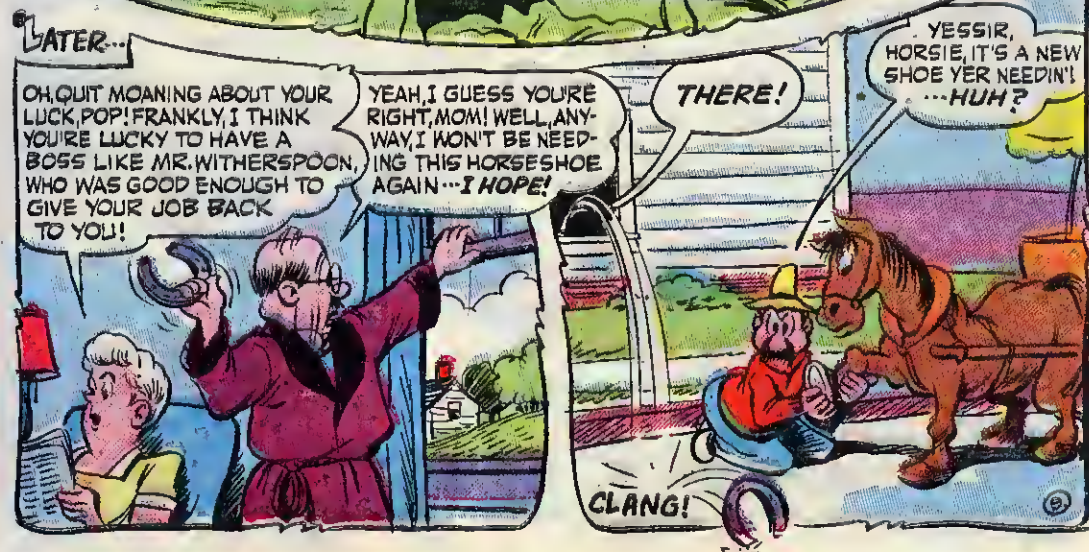
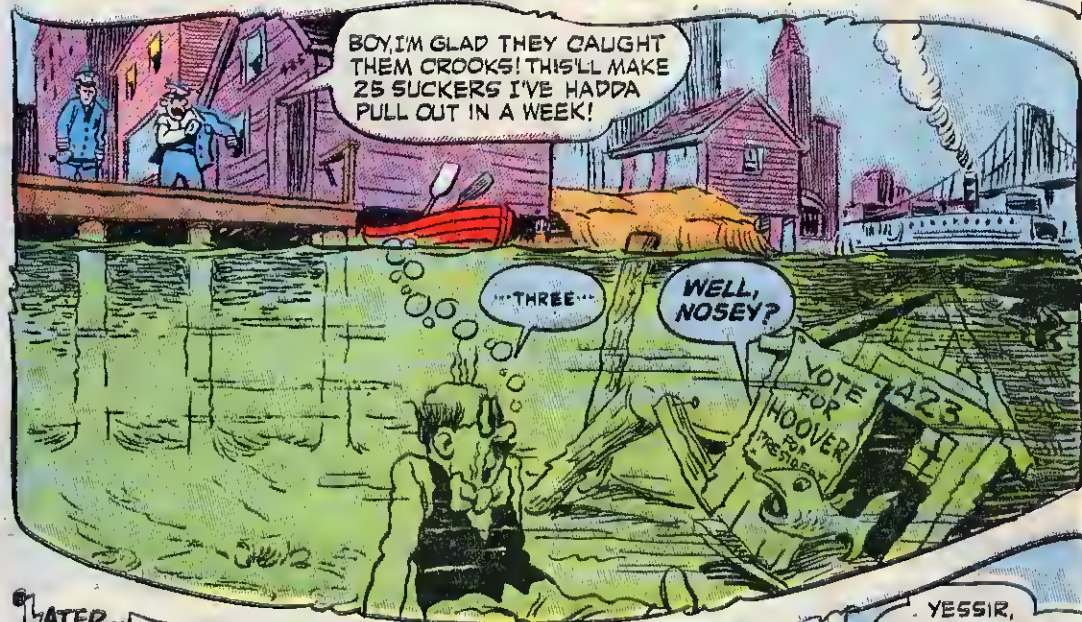
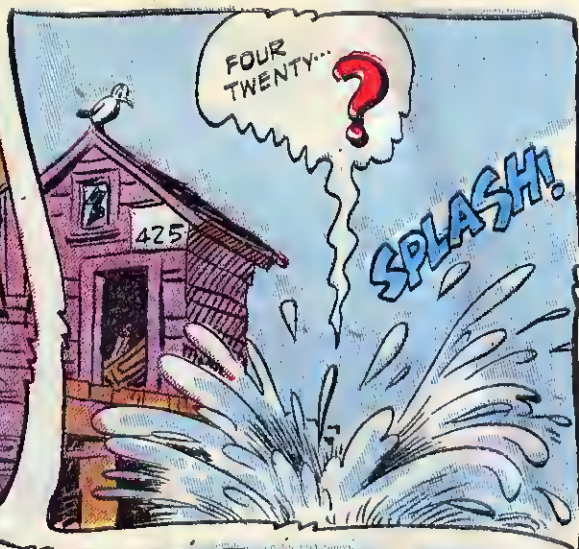
THERE'S 443... 441... 439
... 437... 435...

MEANWHILE... WHAT'S WITH POP?

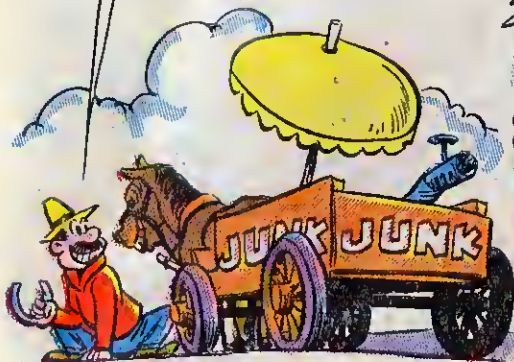
RIVER ST.

BEEP!
BEEP!

THIS IS RIVER STREET!
LET'S SEE, THAT NUMBER
WAS 423...



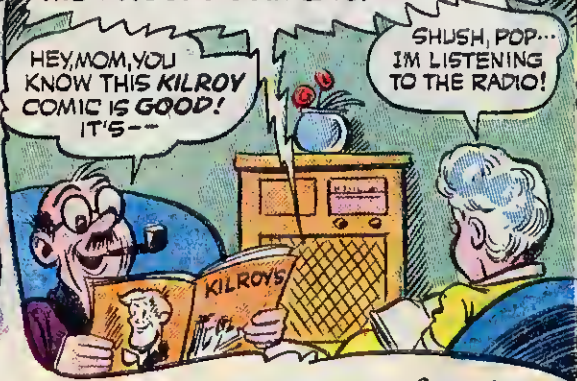
LOOK, SEABISCUIT... FROM NOWHERE COMES A SHOE! OLD MAN ADLER COULDN'T DO NO BETTER!



...BY NOW, WE KNOW WHO MISS HUSH WAS... WE KNOW WHO MRS. HUSH WAS... WE KNOW WHO THE WALKING MAN WAS... BUT AFTER 66 WEEKS OF OUR NEW CONTEST, NO ONE HAS GUESSED WHO THE DROOPY DAME IS!

HEY, MOM, YOU KNOW THIS KILROY COMIC IS GOOD! IT'S--

SHUSH, POP... I'M LISTENING TO THE RADIO!



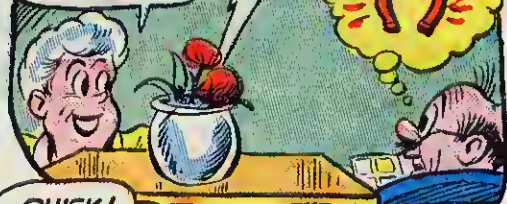
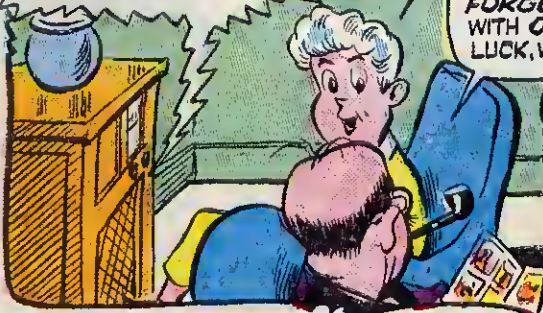
THE PRIZES HAVE MOUNTED! THE LUCKY GUESSER WILL RECEIVE A NEW HOUSE, COMPLETELY FURNISHED... AN AIRPLANE... A NEW CAR... WASHING MACHINE... \$10,000... A YEAR'S VACATION IN PATAGONIA... A FUR COAT... A SOLID GOLD WATCH... A COCA COLA...

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THAT HORSESHOE, POP? I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING...

I THREW IT... AW, MOM, FORGET IT! WITH OUR LUCK, WE'D...

...SO TODAY, WE RING THE PHONE OF OUR FIRST CONTESTANT! WILL SHE BE THE LUCKY ONE? WILL SHE GUESS WHO THE DROOPY DAME IS?... HELLO, OPERATOR! GET ME MRS. HORACE O'TOOLE, OF 1183 HAMMOCK TERRACE!

POP... THAT'S ME! AND I THINK I KNOW THE ANSWER!

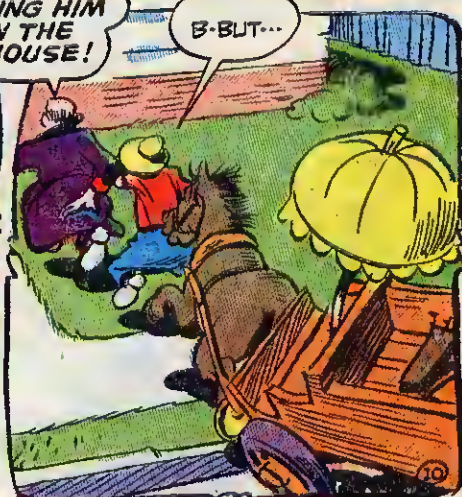
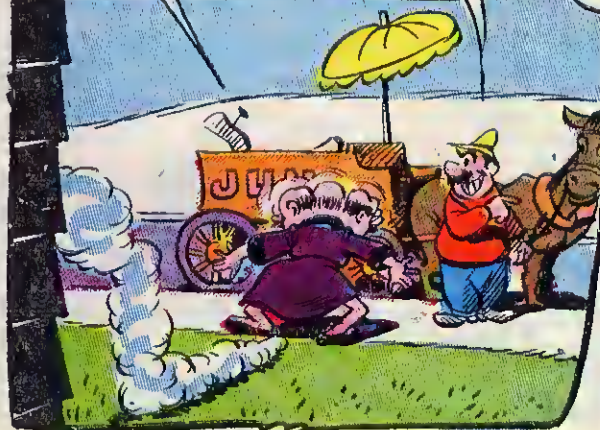


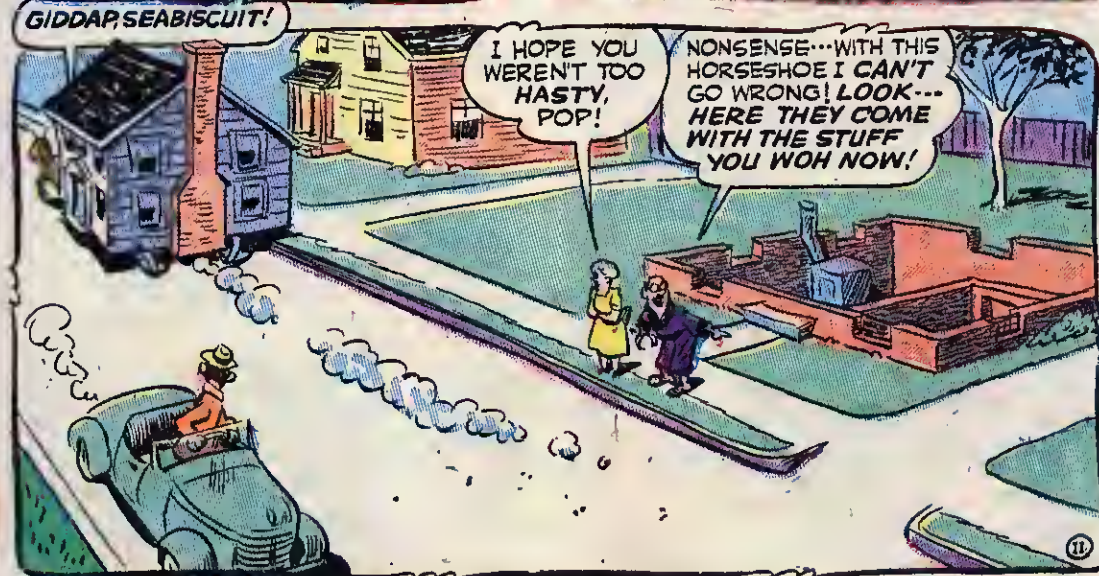
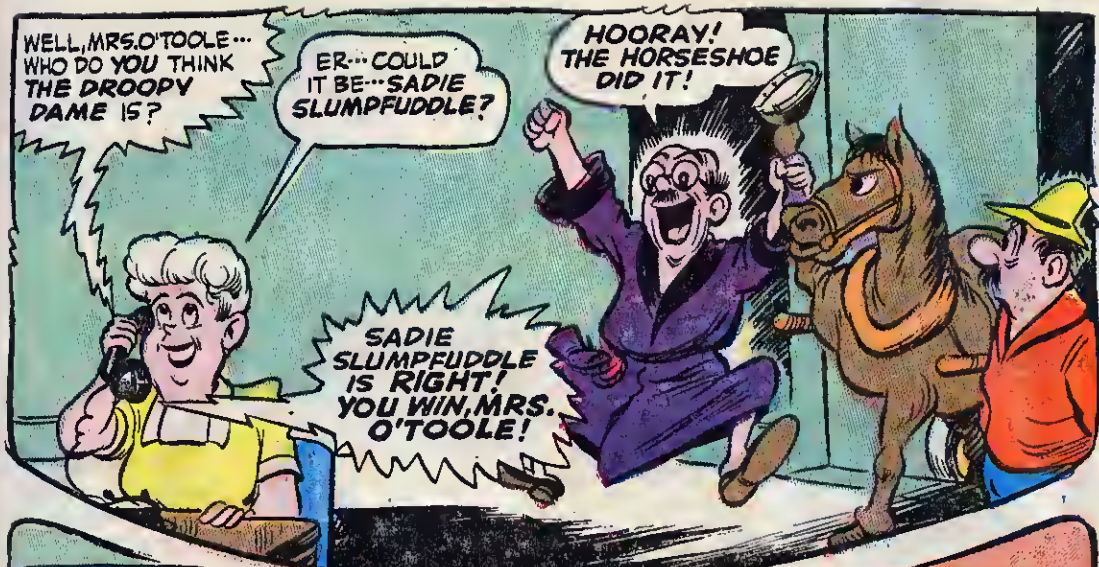
HEY! YOU DIDN'T SEE A HORSESHOE AROUND HERE, DID YOU?

NOT ONLY DID I SEE IT, BUT HE'S NOW WEARIN' IT!

QUICK! BRING HIM IN THE HOUSE!

B-BUT...





HERE WE ARE,
MRS. O'TOOLE
...YOU LUCKY
GIRL, YOU!

HI, MOM!
HI, POP!

COOKIE!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING ON THAT
TRUCK?

WHY, I JUST GOT ME A JOB
WORKIN' FOR THE RADIO
STATION THAT SENT
THIS STUFF!

WELL, NOW!
CONGRATULATIONS,
SON!

DON'T BOTHER
UNLOADING THE
STUFF, BOYS! TAKE
EVERYTHING BACK!

HEY, YOU...
WAIT A MINUTE!
WHAT'S THE
IDEA?

HE'S YOUR
SON, ISN'T
HE?

WHY, YES...OF
COURSE! BUT
WHAT'S THAT
GOT TO DO
WITH IT?

JUST THIS! THE RULES OF THE CONTEST DISTINCTLY STATED THAT IT WAS OPEN TO EVERYONE BUT EMPLOYEES OF THE RADIO STATION OR THEIR RELATIVES! SORRY, MR. O'TOOLE!

YEAH... I'M SORRY HE'S MY SON, TOO!

WELL... ER... I BETTER GET BACK TO WORK!

JUST A MINUTE, MY AMBITIOUS BOY!

WE'VE STILL GOT THE **WOODSHED** LEFT!... HERE, HOLD THIS! YOU'RE GOING TO **NEED** IT!

AW, POP!

OKAY, KID... LET'S GO!

Y'KNOW, JOE, A HORSESHOE CAN BE LUCKY FOR SOME PEOPLE AFTER ALL!... THAT IS, IF YOU KNOW HOW TO USE IT!



TIME ON HIS HANDS

JITTERBUCK JONES looked at his wristwatch and yawned. "Only one o'clock," he muttered. I've still got a whole hour before meetin' the gang at the Soda Jerkerie . . . and nuthin' special ta do!"

He rose, stretched lazily and walked to the porch railing. "What was it Miss Bibblesnicker was sayin' in class yesterday?" he asked himself. "Oh, yeah. 'Never put off till tomorra what'cha kin do today!' Say, maybe I oughta try that! Wonder how much a guy kin accomplish in one hour?"

With Jit, to think was to act. Vaulting down to the lawn, he seized the rake and began sweeping all the dead leaves into one neat stack. "I'll burn 'em and get the lawn ship-shape!" he planned. "Bet pop'll be so surprised, he raises my allowance!"

Jit struck a match and held it to the pile of dry leaves. At first, there was a crackling sound and then a wisp of smoke curled up. And then . . . flames! Red-hot and menacing, the fire shot up in a single blaze that seemed to be heading towards . . . the house!

"Oh, no!" Jit cried. "The wind's not blowin' right! We'll be burned out! Ruined! Homeless! I gotta do sump'n . . . quick!"

Fortunately, the garden hose lay nearby, still attached to the water spout. Jit grabbed the nozzle and turned the water on, full force. With a Niagara-like roar, the water shot out of the hose, dousing the fire completely. The hose writhed and twisted in Jit's grasp.

"Quit wrigglin'!" he shouted, as the length of hose leaped into the air, spun around and aimed its jet of water at the front walk. And, at that very moment, coming up the front walk . . . was Jit's pop!

Rivers dented Mr. Jones' hat! Streams poured down over his shirt and suit. Trickles spilled merrily down his neck and into his shoes. "You young whippersnapper, what are you up to?" choked Mr. Jones, waving a drenched fist.

Jit was horrified. "Dad!" he yelled, running towards his soggy father. "Let me help you!"

"Aaaah!" Mr. Jones' voice rose to a scream. "You've helped me enough! You've scorched the house, ruined the lawn, broken the hose, drenched me thoroughly and you are now . . . trampling . . . my . . . prize . . . tomatoes! Get into the house!"

Jit surveyed the damage ruefully, walked into the house and dialled Cookie's number.

"This you, Cook?" he asked. "I just called to tell ya I won't be able ta meet the gang at the Soda Jerkerie."

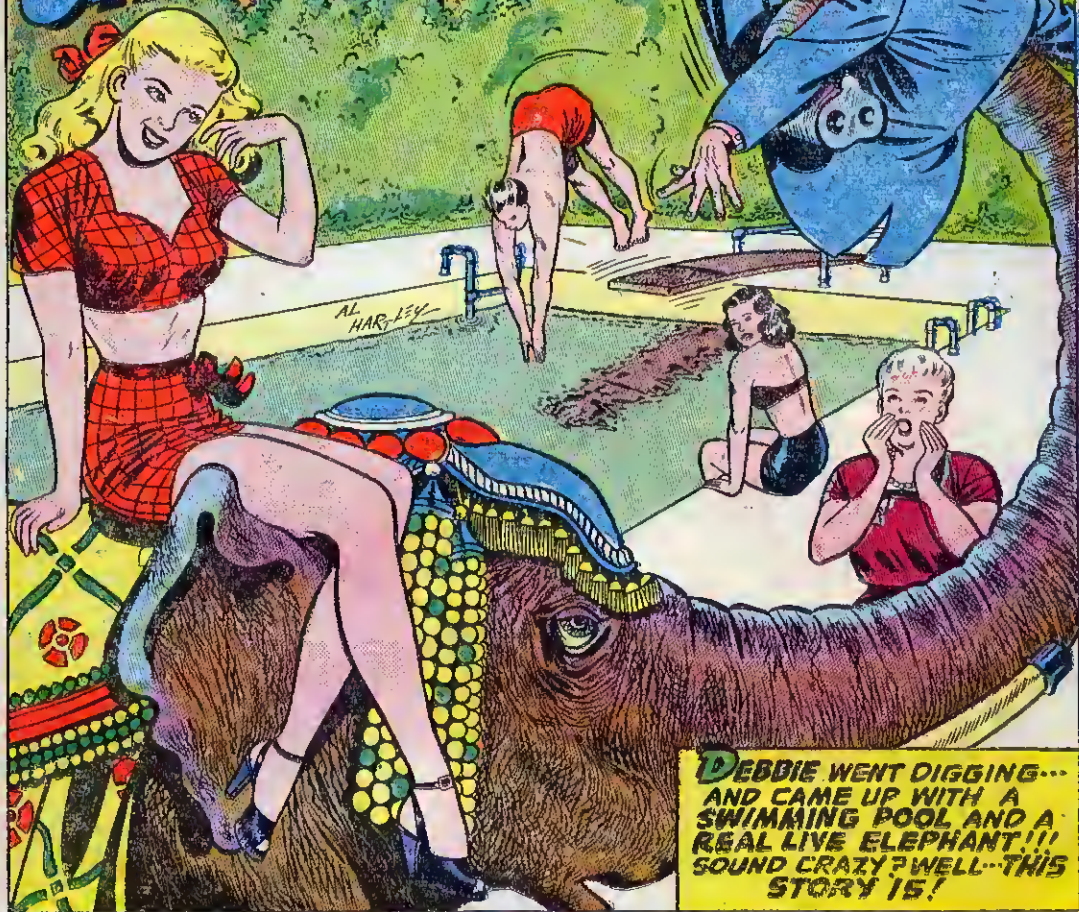
Cookie's voice came over faintly. "Why not, Jit?"

"I . . . er . . . well, I've got an appointment with my pop, sort of."

"You certainly have!" snapped Mr. Jones, brandishing a hairbrush. "I always say never put off till tomorrow what you can do today!"

Jitterbuck Jones walked sadly towards his dad. "Where've I heard *that* before?" he asked mournfully.

The GIRL FRIEND



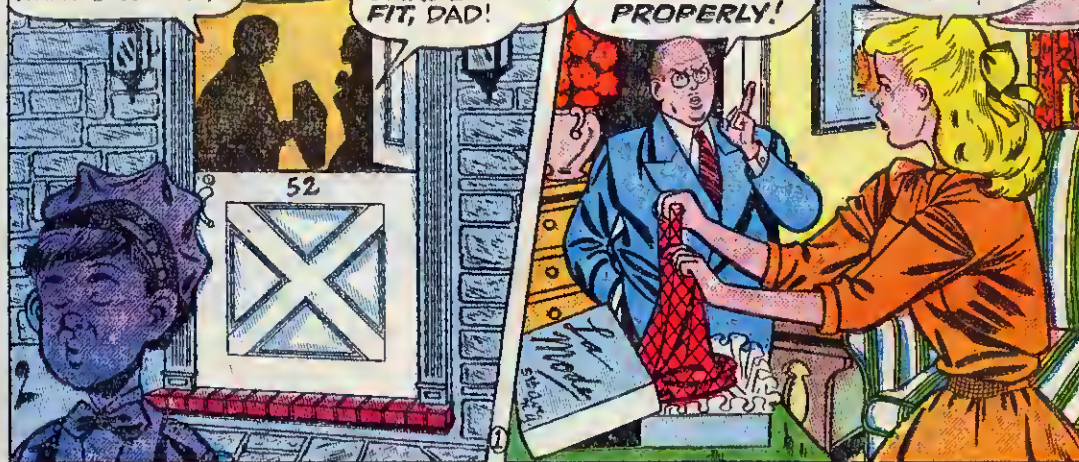
**DEBBIE WENT DIGGING...
AND CAME UP WITH A
SWIMMING POOL AND A
REAL LIVE ELEPHANT!!!
SOUND CRAZY? WELL...THIS
STORY IS!**

DEBBIE, THIS PACKAGE
JUST COST ME 15 BUCKS!
WHAT'S IN IT?

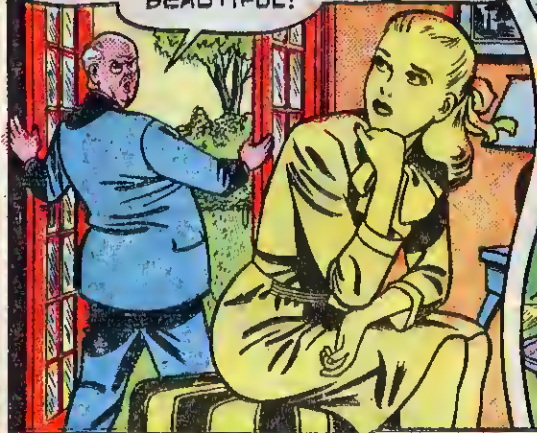
OH, THAT'S
AN ADORABLE
GARDEN OUT-
FIT, DAD!

WELL, YOUNG LADY,
I WANT YOU TO SEE
THAT YOU USE IT
PROPERLY!

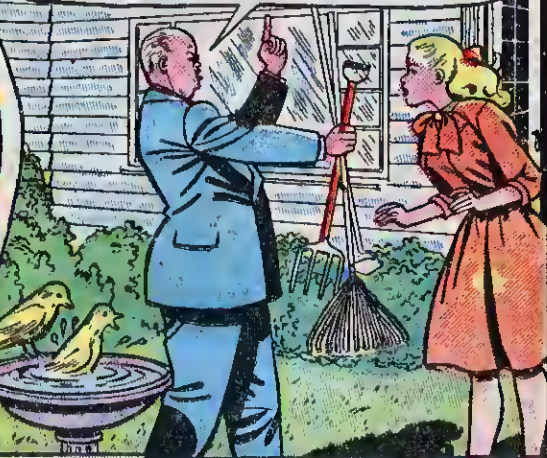
WHY, WHAT DO
YOU MEAN,
DAD?



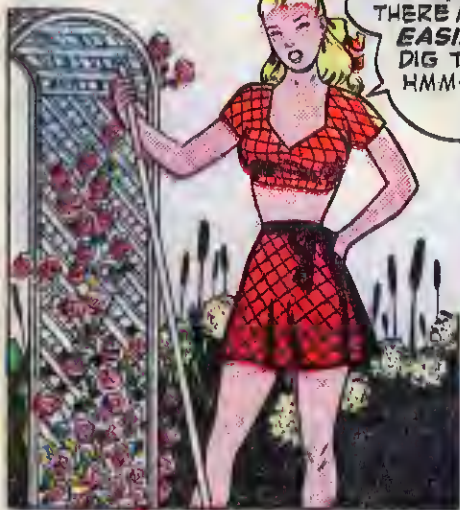
I MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO GET BUSY IN THE BACK YARD **RIGHT NOW!** IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU DID SOMETHING AROUND THIS HOUSE --- BESIDES LOOK BEAUTIFUL!



HERE ARE THE GARDEN TOOLS! WHEN I COME HOME TONIGHT, I WANT TO SEE A NICE VEGETABLE PLOT DUG UP!

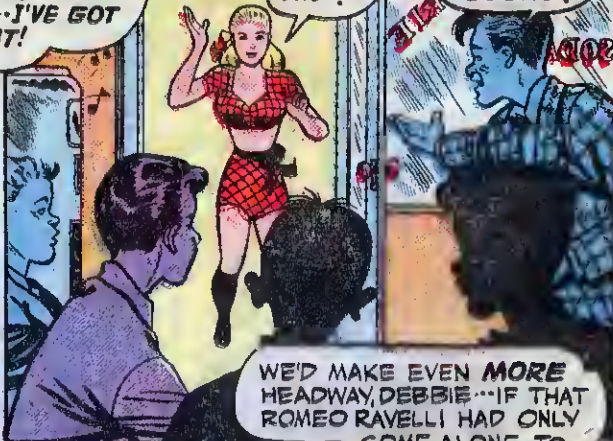


OH HH, MY ACHING BACK! THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO DIG THIS PATCH! HMM... I'VE GOT IT!



HEY, ALL YOU COKE CUT-UPS! CAN I ENLIST YOUR AID?

ANYTHING FOR YOU, DEBBIE! NOT COOKS?

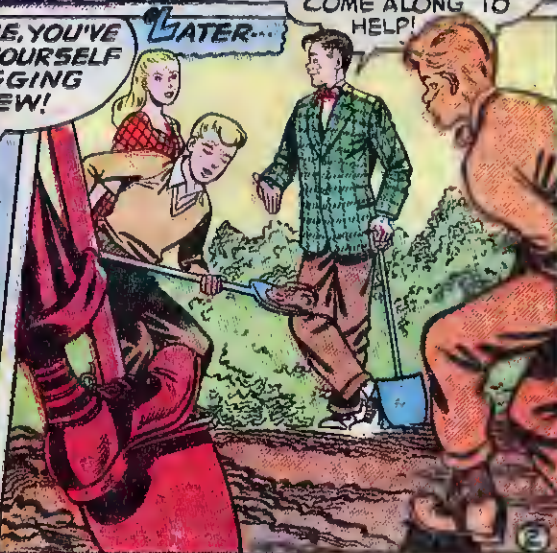
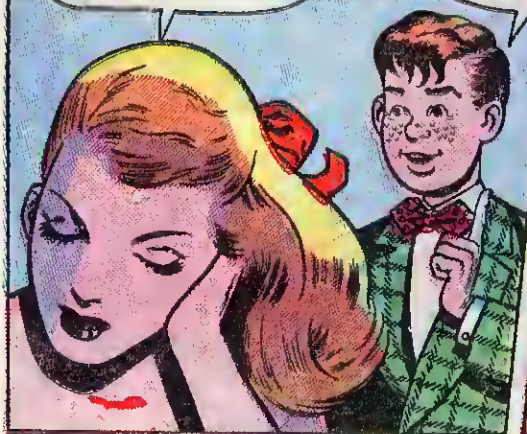


WE'D MAKE EVEN MORE HEADWAY, DEBBIE... IF THAT ROMEO RAVELLI HAD ONLY COME ALONG TO HELP!

ER-I'VE BEEN DIGGING IN OUR YARD AND LOST MY BRACELET! I'LL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL TO THE FINDER!

DEBBIE, YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A DIGGING CREW!

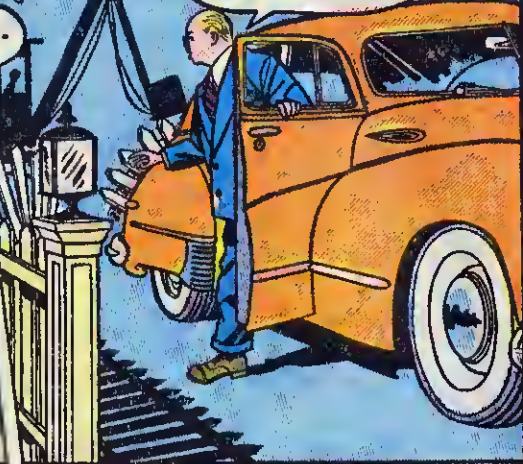
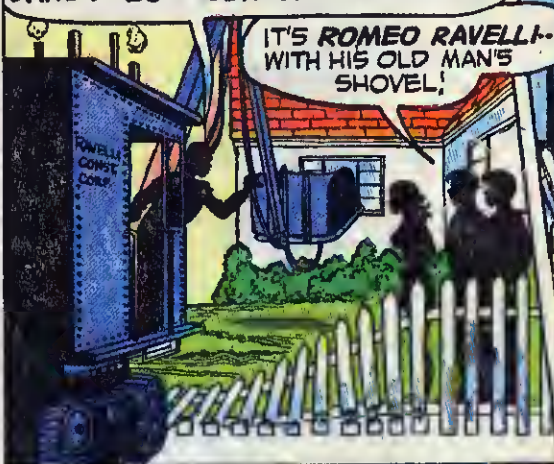
LATER...



STAND BACK, YOU PRIMITIVE PEASANTS
WHILST I MAKE WITH THIS HANDY-
DANDY 20TH CENTURY GIMMICK.

IT'S ROMEO RAVELLI...
WITH HIS OLD MAN'S
SHOVEL!

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S
GOING ON IN MY
BACK YARD?



CHEEZIT, GANG!
IT'S DEBBIE'S
POP!

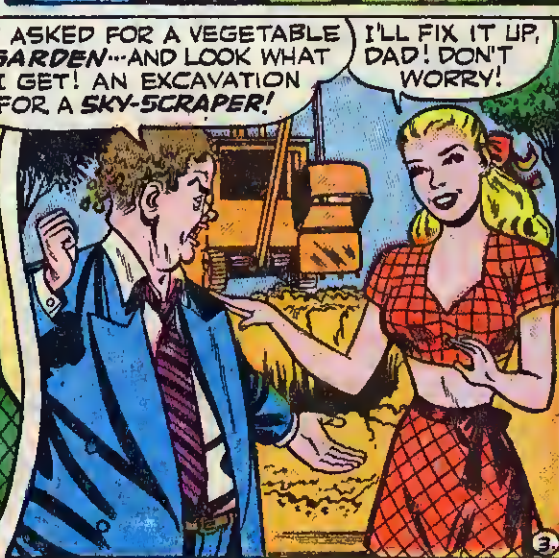
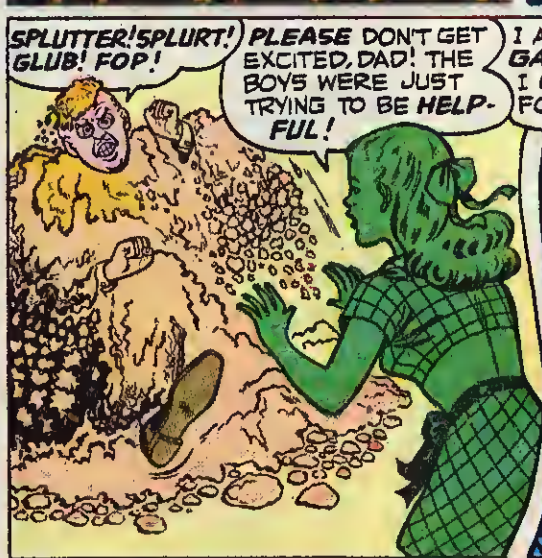


SPLUTTER! SPLURT!
GLUB! FOP!

PLEASE DON'T GET
EXCITED, DAD! THE
BOYS WERE JUST
TRYING TO BE HELP-
FUL!

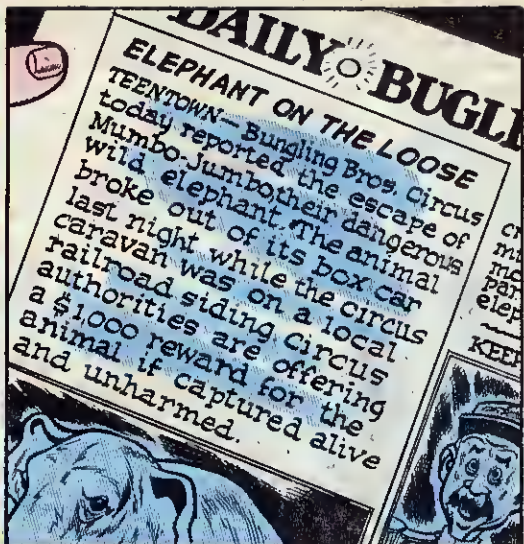
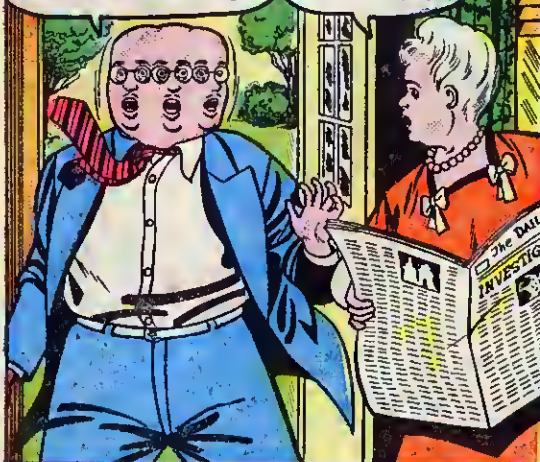
I ASKED FOR A VEGETABLE
GARDEN...AND LOOK WHAT
I GET! AN EXCAVATION
FOR A SKY-SCRAPER!

I'LL FIX IT UP,
DAD! DON'T
WORRY!



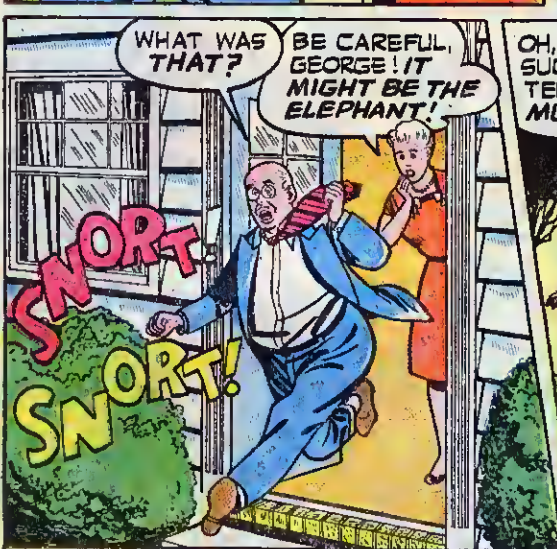
MARY...MARY! DID YOU SEE...WHY, MARY! WHAT'S **WRONG?**

GEORGE, I'M **TERRIFIED!** READ THIS!

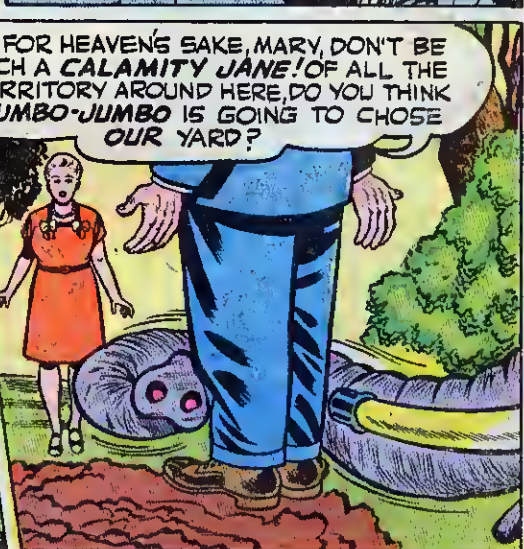


WHAT WAS THAT?

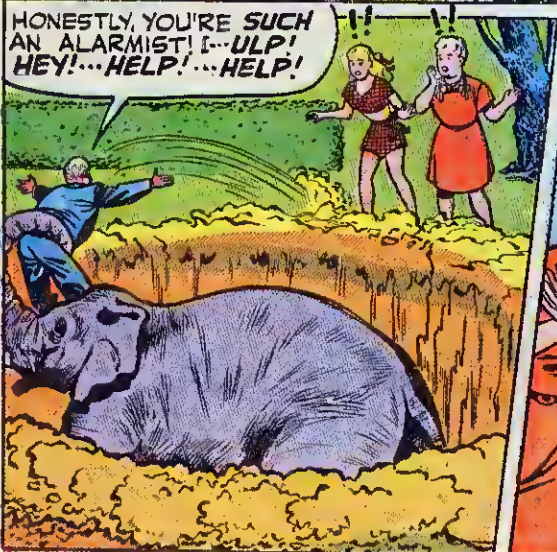
BE CAREFUL, GEORGE! IT MIGHT BE THE ELEPHANT!



OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, MARY, DON'T BE SUCH A CALAMITY JANE! OF ALL THE TERRITORY AROUND HERE, DO YOU THINK MUMBO-JUMBO IS GOING TO CHOSE OUR YARD?

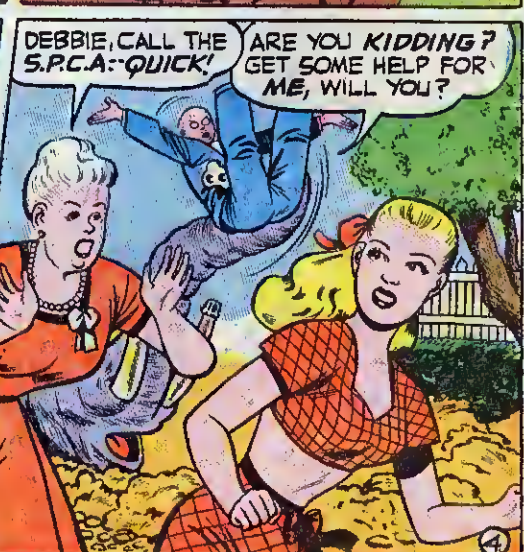


HONESTLY, YOU'RE SUCH AN ALARMIST! I...ULP! HEY!...HELP!...HELP!



DEBBIE, CALL THE S.P.C.A.—QUICK!

ARE YOU KIDDING? GET SOME HELP FOR ME, WILL YOU?



JUST RELAX AND ENJOY YOURSELF, GEORGE! THE FIRE DEPARTMENT WILL HAVE YOU DOWN IN A JIFFY!

OKAY, BOYS, PLAY THE HOSE ON HIM... MUMBO-JUMBO, THAT IS!



WHEE! LOOKIT DAD GO!

QUICK MEN, THE JUMP NET!!



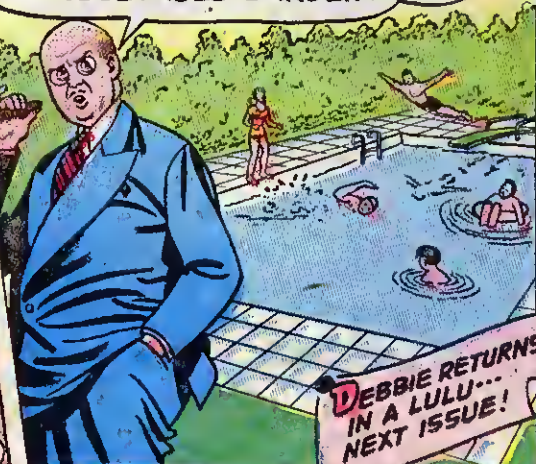
THE CIRCUS TRAINER JUST TOOK THE ELEPHANT AWAY, DAD!

AND THE BUSINESS AGENT LEFT THIS CHECK, GEORGE! THE \$1000 REWARD FOR MUMBO-JUMBO!



SAY, DAD, AS LONG AS WE HAVE A HOLE OUT BACK, LET'S PUT THIS MONEY INTO IT AND BUILD A SWIMMING POOL!...WE'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE!

HUMPH! DEBBIE GOT HER SWIMMING POOL, BUT I'M STILL WAITING FOR MY VEGETABLE GARDEN!



DEBBIE RETURNS IN A LULU... NEXT ISSUE!

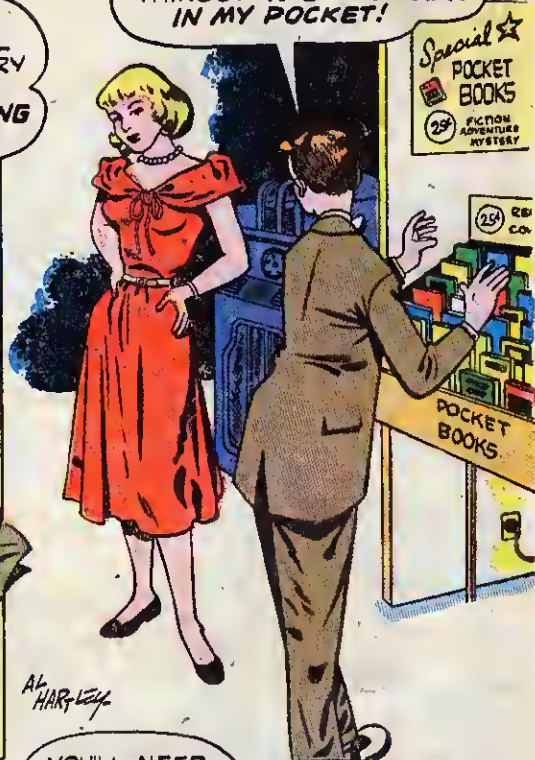
TEEN-TALES

IT'S
DISGUSTING
THE WAY HIS GIRL
FOLLOWS HIS EVERY
MOVE!...HE HAD AN
AWFUL TIME **SLIPPING**
ME THIS NOTE!



AL
HARTLEY

I CAN'T READ THESE
THINGS!...IT'S TOO DARK
IN MY POCKET!



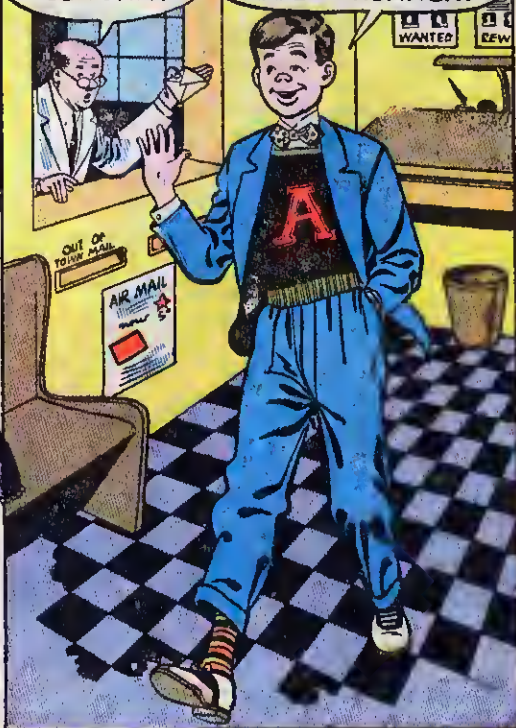
HOW CAN I GET
FELLAS INTERESTED
IN ME?

WELL, YOU'VE GOT
TO USE A LITTLE
COME-ON
SENSE!

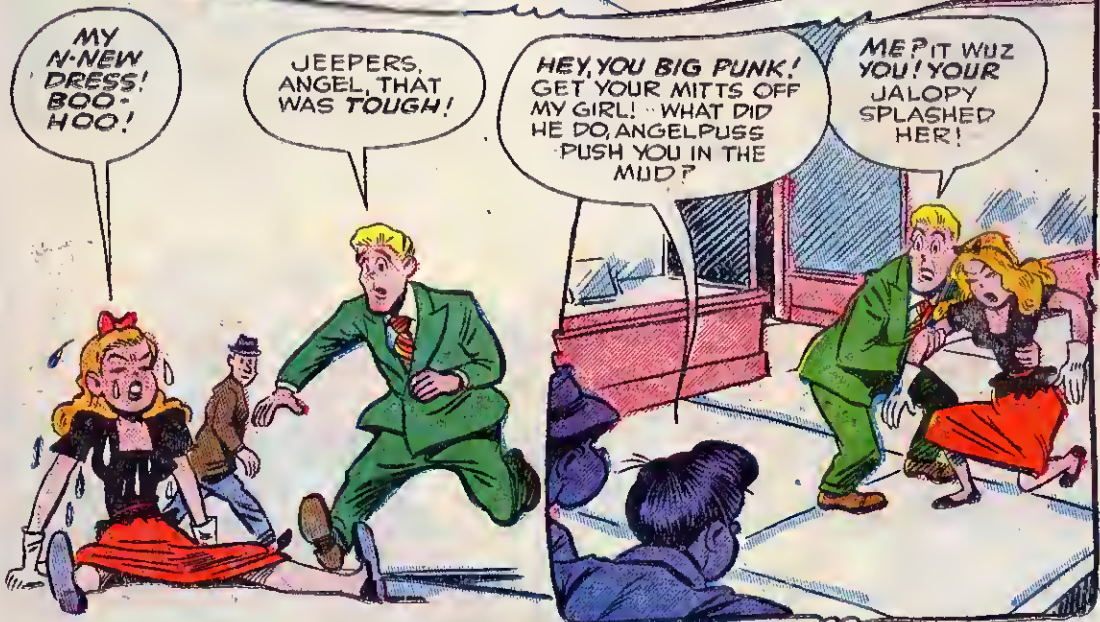
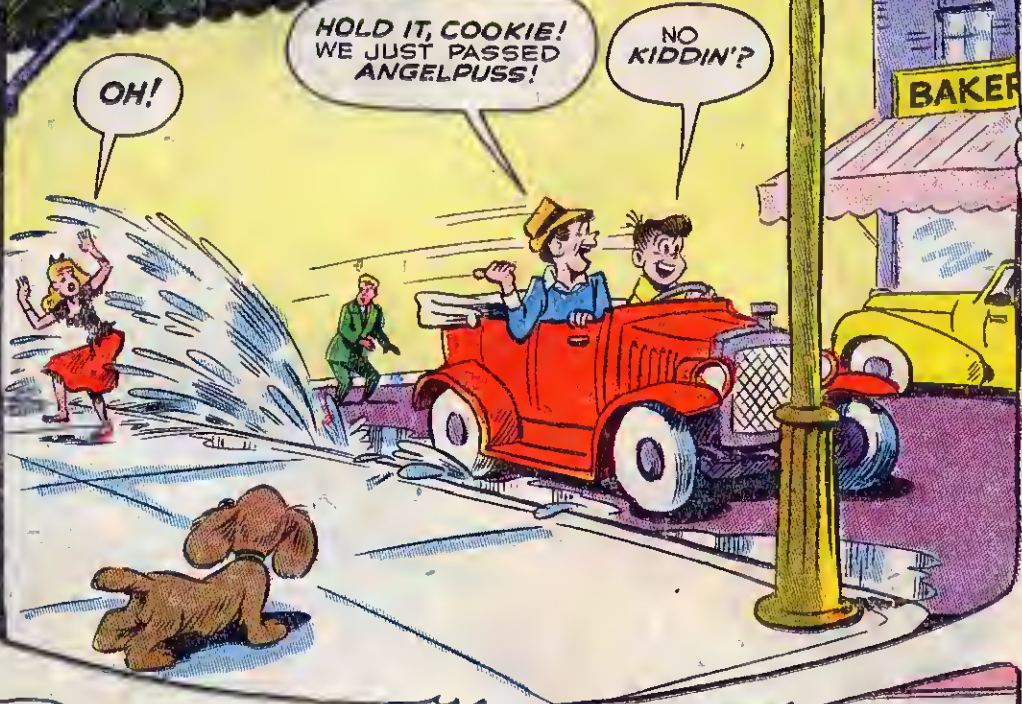


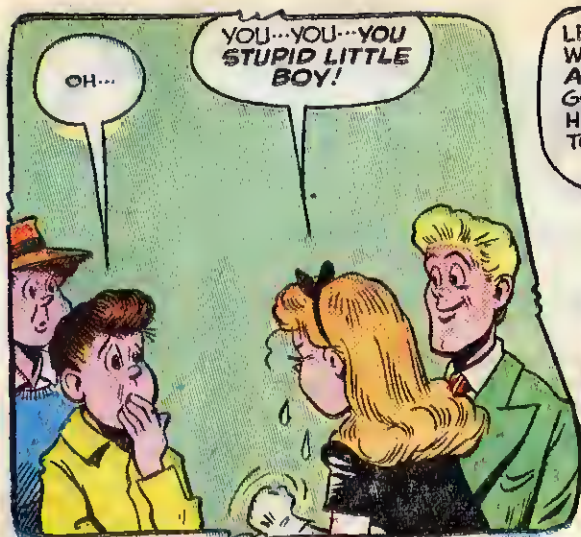
YOU'LL NEED
ANOTHER STAMP...
THIS LETTER IS
TOO HEAVY!

DON'T BE SILLY!
...THAT WOULD ONLY
MAKE IT **HEAVIER!**



COOKIE





LEGGO, JITTERBUCK,
WILL YA? I GOTTA
APOLOGIZE!... I
GOT A DATE TO TAKE
HER TO THE DANCE
TONIGHT, AN' THERE'S
NO TELLIN'...

I TELL YA SHE'LL
BE OKAY BY THEN,
COOKIE!... HERE,
CALM YERSELF
WITH A WAD OF
BUBBLE-GUM!

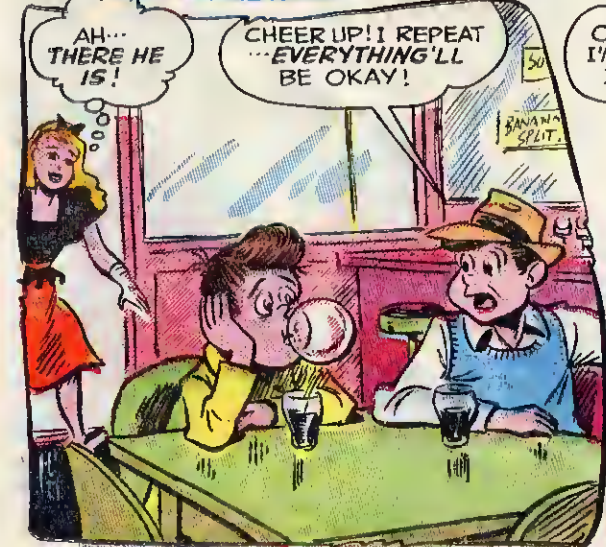
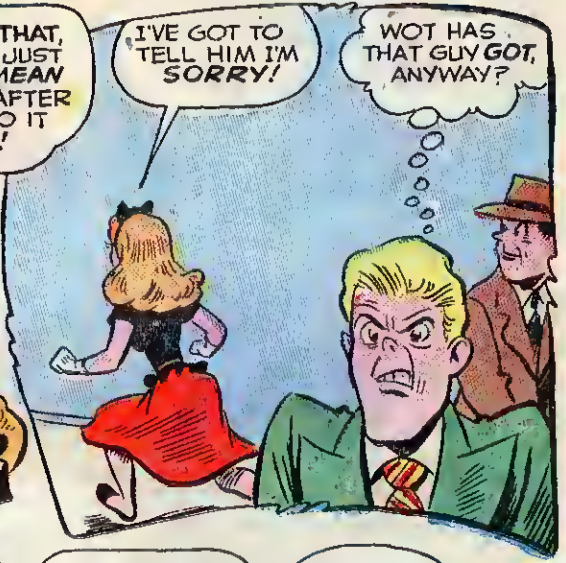
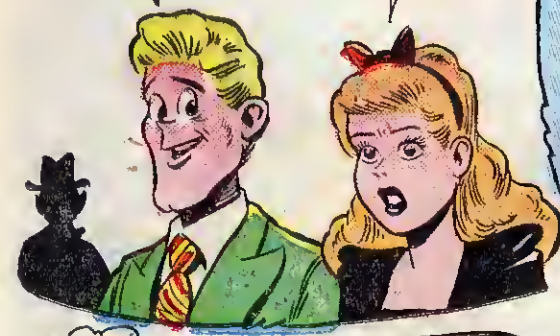


ER...NOW THAT COOKIE
MADE A DOPE OF HIM-
SELF, HOW'S ABOUT
GOIN' TO THE HOP
WITH ME INSTEAD,
ANGELPUSS?

I COULDN'T DO THAT,
ZOOT! BESIDES, I JUST
REALIZED HOW MEAN
I WAS TO HIM...AFTER
ALL, HE DIDN'T DO IT
INTENTIONALLY!

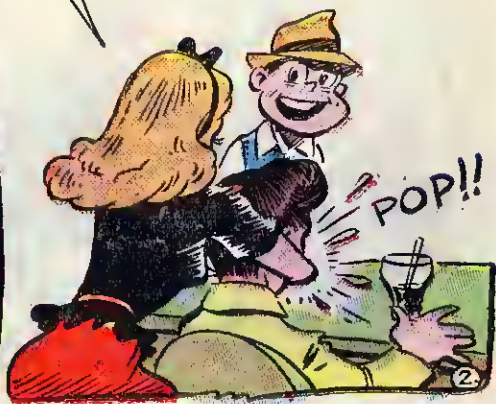
I'VE GOT TO
TELL HIM I'M
SORRY!

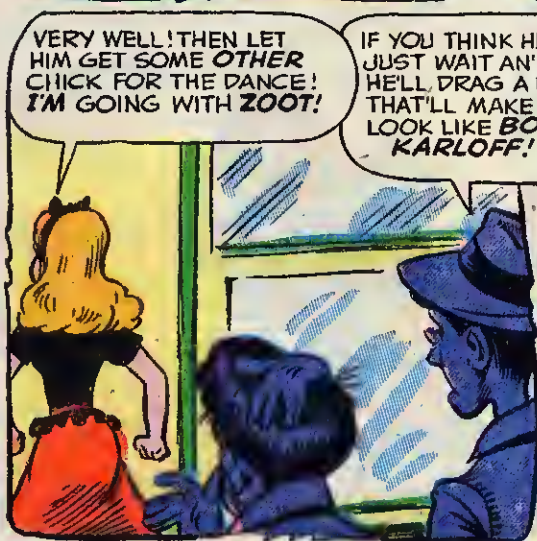
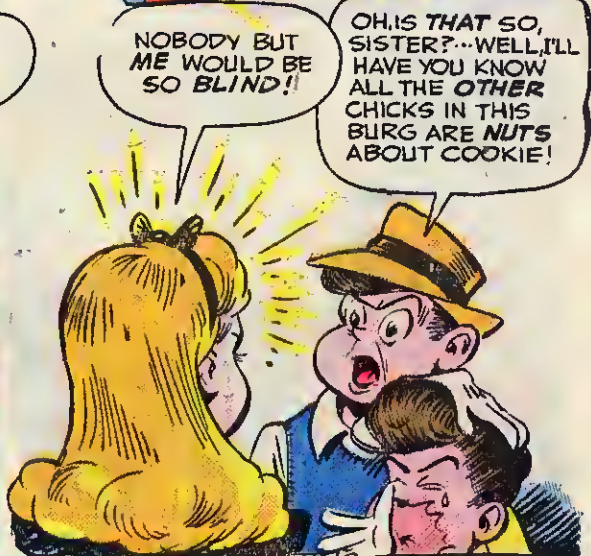
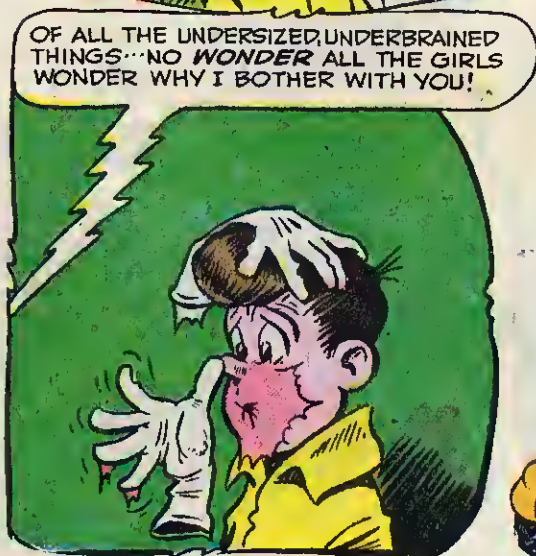
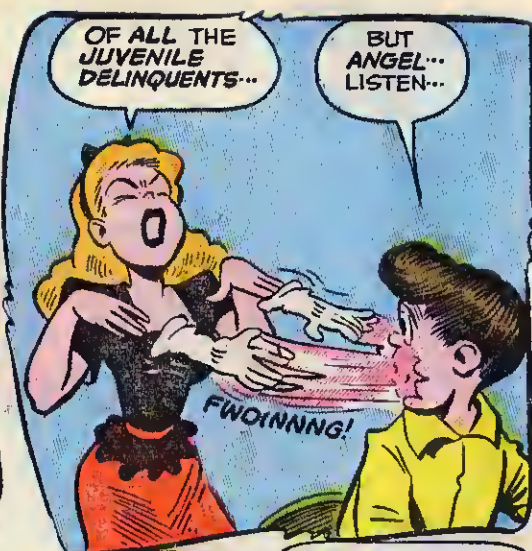
WOT HAS
THAT GUY GOT,
ANYWAY?

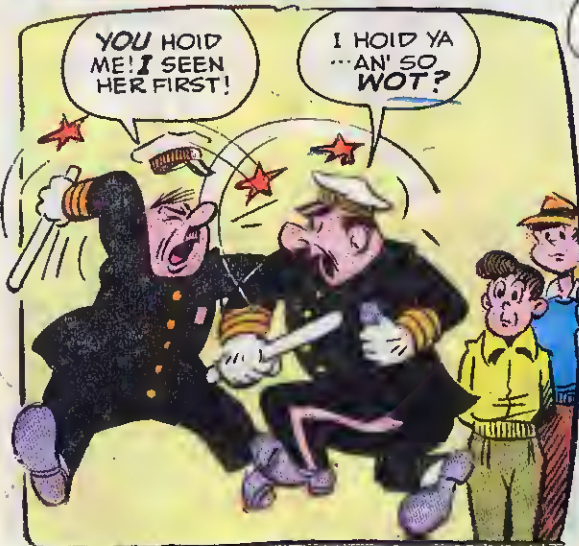
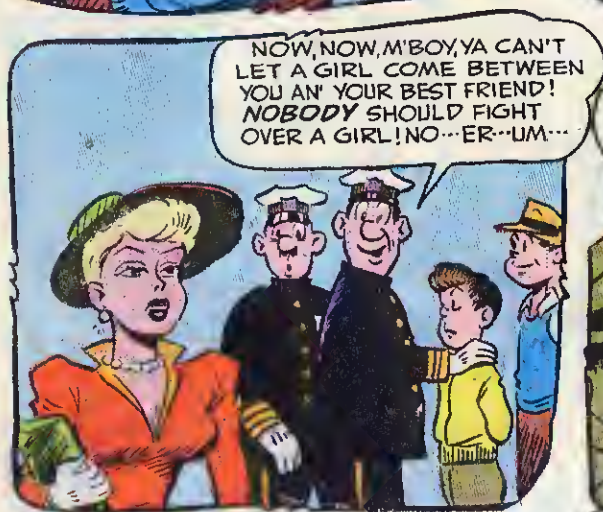
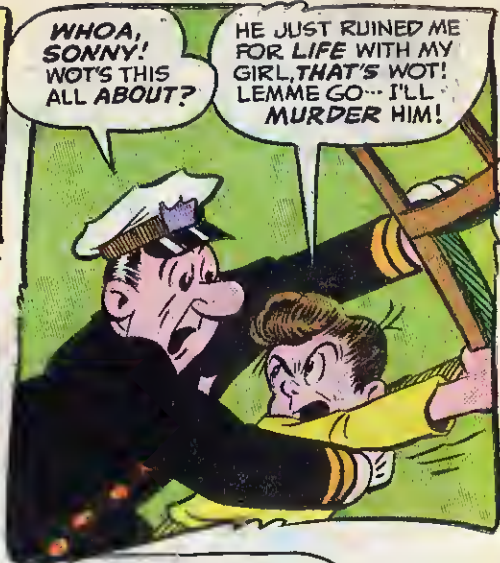


OH, COOKIE,
I'M SO SORRY!
I...HUH?

WOT
DID I TELL
YOU?







HMMM...WOT DID HE SAY ABOUT NOT FIGHTIN' OVER WIMMEN?

ER...YEAH...HA-HA! WELL...SEE YA LATER, COOKIE...ON THE STAG LINE AT THE DANCE!

NOT ME, YOU WON'T! STAG LINES MAY BE OKAY FOR YOU, BUT WHEN I GO TO A DANCE, I EITHER BRING A DAME OR I DON'T GO!

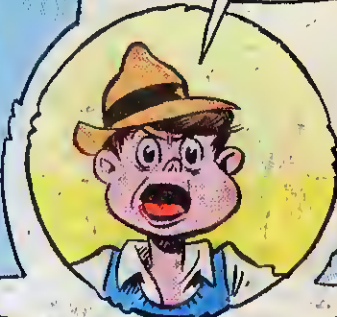
OKAY...OKAY! SO GET YERSELF ANOTHER CHICK!

NO SOAP! IT'S LIKE ANGELPUSS SAID... WHO ELSE WOULD HAVE ME?

OH, COOKIE-BOY...DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! I...

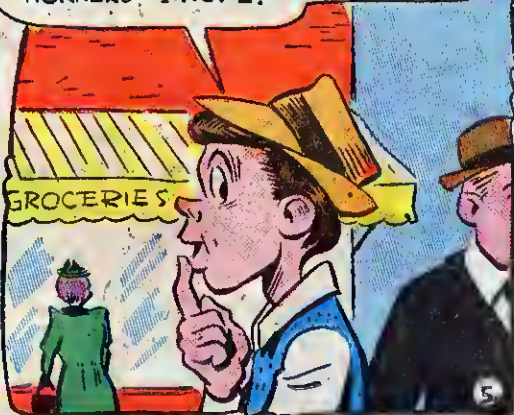
WOT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? WHY SHOULD I GET ALL WORKED UP OVER HIS LOVE LIFE? AN' IF HE WANTS TO BE SORE AT ME, LET HIM! WHO CARES?

HEY, WAIT...I'M BROKE! I WAS FIGURIN' ON BORROWIN' DOUGH FOR THE TICKET FROM COOKIE! HE'S MY LAST RESORT!



YOO-HOO! COOKIE, BABY! JITTY-BOY WANTS TO TALK TO YOU! HEY, WAIT! I...

NO, THAT WON'T DO...HE'S TOO SORE AT ME NOW! BUT I GOTTA GET CASH! ...I KNOW! I'LL DROP IN AT MY OL' MAN'S PLACE! HE'LL BE TOO EMBARRASSED TO REFUSE ME IN FRONT OF HIS FELLOW WORKERS...I HOPE!



AS USUAL;
SONNY-BOY...
THE ANSWER IS
NO!

JEEPERS, THIS IS **AWFUL!** I JUST GOTTA GET TO THAT DANCE! I EVEN HAD MY **SUIT PRESSED!** IF IT WUZ'N'T FOR THIS MIXUP WITH ANGELPUSS, **COOKIE'D** LET ME HAVE THE DOUGH! OR EVEN IF HE HAD ANOTHER DAME TO TAKE...

ER...
OKAY,
POP!

HEY, WAIT! JUST SUPPOSIN' HE THOUGHT THERE WAS GONNA BE SOMEONE SPECIAL AT THE HOP... SOME DAME WHO WAS JUST **DROOLY** ABOUT HIM! IT'D DO **WONDERS** FOR HIS EGO...

...AN' ALSO FOR HIS **GENEROSITY** ... I **HOPE!**

OH, MR. KLUNK... CAN I BORROW A PIECE OF PAPER AN' A ENVELOPE, PLEASE?

Darling Handsome Cookie:-

*You don't know me, but I know you from the comics... and I'm just gooeey about you!... I heard about your trouble with that blonde, and thought you'd like to know that I'll be at the dance **Alone**... just hoping you'll come!*

Love and xxxxxxxxxxxx

LET'S SEE NOW... SHE NEEDS A ROMANTIC-TYPE NAME! UMMM... *Lailani Lovejoy*... THERE! THAT DOES IT! NOW TO GIT IT DELIVERED TO **COOKIE**... AND WAIT FOR RESULTS!

A LITTLE LATER...

YEAH, MOM?

THIS NOTE WAS JUST LEFT FOR YOU!

WHO'S IT FROM, SON?

AW, SOME CRAZY DAME WHO THINKS I'M CUTE! SAYS SHE'LL BE WAITIN' FOR ME AT THE DANCE!...HUH!

NOW, YOUNG MAN, THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK! IF SOME GIRL THINKS ENOUGH OF YOU TO TELL YOU SO, THEN IT'S YOUR DUTY TO BE NICE TO HER!

BESIDES, IT MIGHT BE JUST AS WELL IF ANGELPUSS WERE TO SEE YOU WITH ANOTHER GIRL!

OH, COOKIE! PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME! I'M SORRY...

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, MOM!

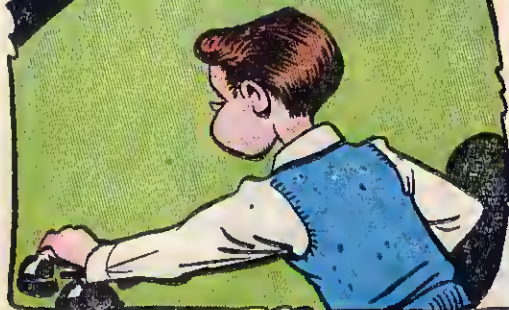
AFTER ALL, WHAT'S ONE DAME'S OPINION? ANGELPUSS HAS GIVEN ME AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX! WHO KNOWS, MAYBE IT'S LIKE THIS NEW GIRL SAYS...MAYBE I AM HANDSOME!

...AND I DO THINK, SON, IT WOULD BE NICER IF YOU WERE TO ESCORT HER TO THE DANCE, RATHER THAN HAVE HER GO ALONE!

I ALREADY THOUGHT OF THAT, MOM... I'LL CALL HER! UMMM... LET'S SEE... LOVEJOY, L...

IN THE MEANTIME...

WELL, IF THAT NOTE WUZ GONNA HAVE ANY EFFECT ON COOKIE, IT SHOULD BE HAPPENIN' BY NOW! I'LL CALL AN' SEE IF HE'S RECEPTIVE TO A **TOUCH!**



HI, COOKIE! I'M SORRY ABOUT WOT HAPPENED BEFORE, AN' I WUZ WONDERIN' IF YOU... **HUH?**

I SAID I GOT A **GIRL FOR THE HOP!** SOME CHICK WRITES ME A NOTE... SEZ SHE'LL MEET ME THERE... I CALL HER TO SAY I'LL CALL FOR HER INSTEAD... AN' WOT D'YA THINK?



I THINK SOMEBODY'S **CRAZY... THERE AIN'T NO SUCH DAME!**... ER... I MEAN, IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** I MEAN... **WOT HAPPENED?**

WELL, SHE DOESN'T **REMEMBER** WRITIN' A NOTE, BUT SAYS SHE'D **LOVE** TO GO!... **FUNNY, ISN'T IT?**

IT'S A **RIOT!**... BY THE WAY... **GULP!**... YOU COULDN'T ADVANCE ME THE PRICE OF A TICKET, COULD YOU?

SORRY, JIT... I CAN'T! YOU KNOW HOW IT IS... **NEW DAME, GOTTA PUT UP A FRONT!** IT'D BE DIFFERENT WITH ANGELPUSS... **YOU KNOW!**



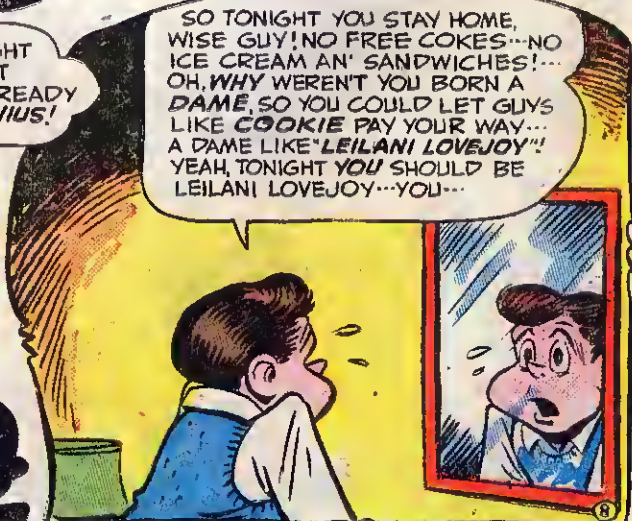
SURE I KNOW! I'M A **VERY SMART GUY!**

...I EVEN THOUGHT UP A NAME THAT SOME **BABE** ALREADY HAS! I'M A **GENIUS!**

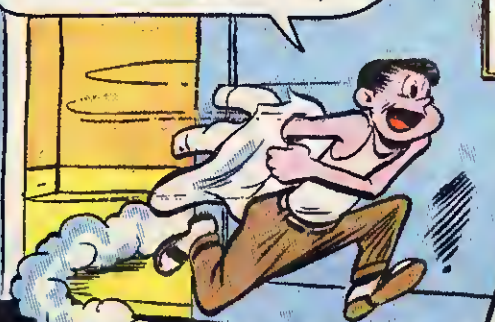


SO TONIGHT YOU STAY HOME, WISE GUY! NO **FREE COKES**... NO **ICE CREAM** AN' **SANDWICHES!**... OH, WHY WEREN'T YOU BORN A **DAME**, SO YOU COULD LET GUYS LIKE **COOKIE** PAY YOUR WAY... A DAME LIKE **"LEILANI LOVEJOY"**! YEAH, TONIGHT YOU SHOULD BE **LEILANI LOVEJOY**... YOU...

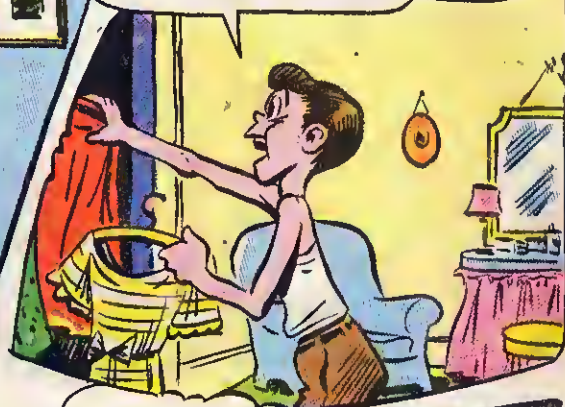
CLICK!



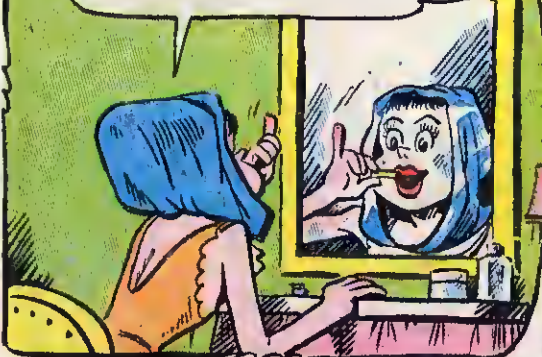
---THAT'S IT! TONIGHT I'LL BE
LEILANI LOVEJOY! COOKIE'LL
NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE
---HE'S NEVER SEEN HER!



THIS ACT'LL GET ME INTO THE JOINT
AT COOKIE'S EXPENSE! I'LL BRING MY
OWN CLOTHES SO'S I CAN SWITCH
AFTER I'M THERE ---AN' JOIN IN THE
FREE EATS AN' STUFF!

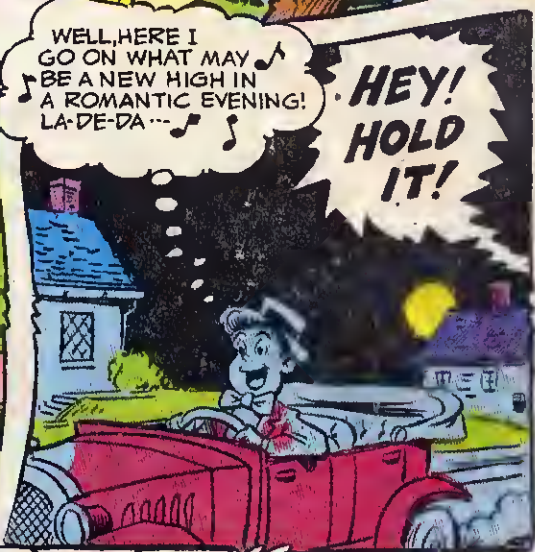


IF SIS KNEW I WAS BORROWIN'
HER STUFF, SHE'D BREAK MY
ARM! BUT IN AN EMERGENCY LIKE
THIS, A GUY HASTA TAKE THOSE
CHANCES! ---JEEPERS, I GOTTA
WORK FAST SO I CAN HEAD
COOKIE OFF BEFORE HE STARTS
TO CALL FOR THAT DAME!



WELL, HERE I
GO ON WHAT MAY
BE A NEW HIGH IN
A ROMANTIC EVENING!
LA-DE-DA ---

**HEY!
HOLD
IT!**



WOT THE ---!
WHO ARE
YOU?

WHY, AH'M LEILANI LOVEJOY,
YOU SWEET LI'L OL' THING!
AN' AH FIGGERED IT WAS AN IM-
POSITION TO ASK YO' ALL TO
COME ALL THE WAY OVER TO
CALL FOR LI'L OL' ME! ---SO
AH BROUGHT LI'L OL' ME
OVER HERE INSTEAD! ---
GET IT?

YEAH, I GET IT,
BUT I DON'T
THINK I'M
GONNA LIKE
IT!

OH, YOU FUNNY,
SWEET LI'L
'MAN! NOW
LEAVE US
BE OFF
FOR THE
FESTIVITIES!

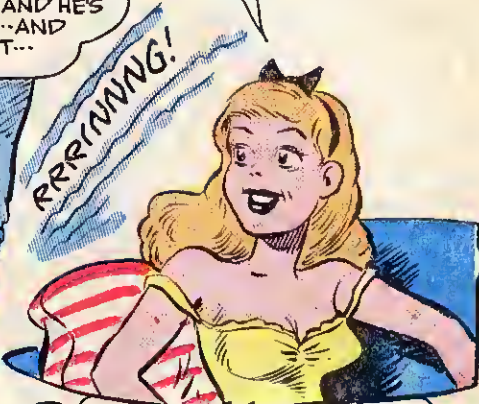
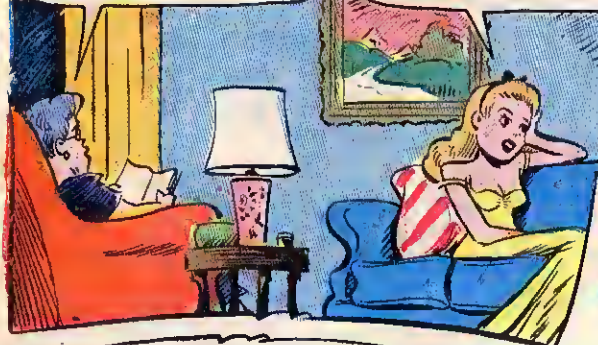


AND AT ANGELPUSS'S HOUSE...

BUT DAUGHTER, I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY YOU REFUSED TO GO TO THE DANCE WITH THAT OTHER YOUNG MAN, ZOOT!

OH, MOTHER... I KEEP THINKING OF HOW **UNREASONABLE** I WAS WITH COOKIE! AND HE'S ALL ALONE TONIGHT... AND I JUST COULDN'T...

THE TELEPHONE!
OH, I DO HOPE IT'S COOKIE!

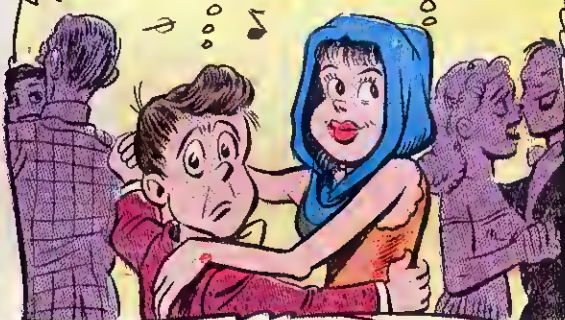


HELLO... ANGELPUSS? NICE THING! YOU REFUSE TO COME TO THIS HOP WITH ME BECAUSE OF **COOKIE**... AN' HE JUST WALKS IN WITH SOME SKINNY DAME!

WHAT?!
... I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

WOTTA DOG I PICKED! I SHOULDA STOOD IN BED!

I GOTTA MAKE A BREAK AN' CHANGE THIS COSTUME... THERE'S A NEAT LITTLE REDHEAD I COULD BE DANCIN' WITH!

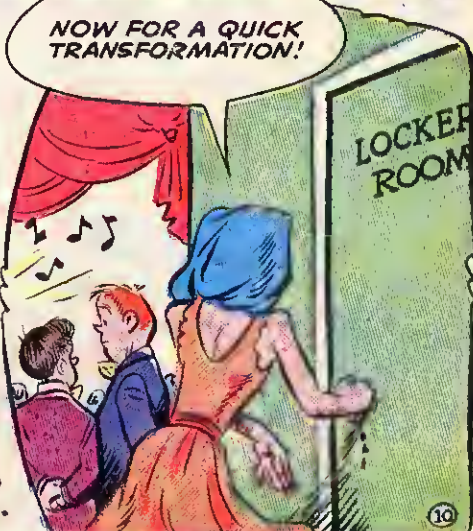


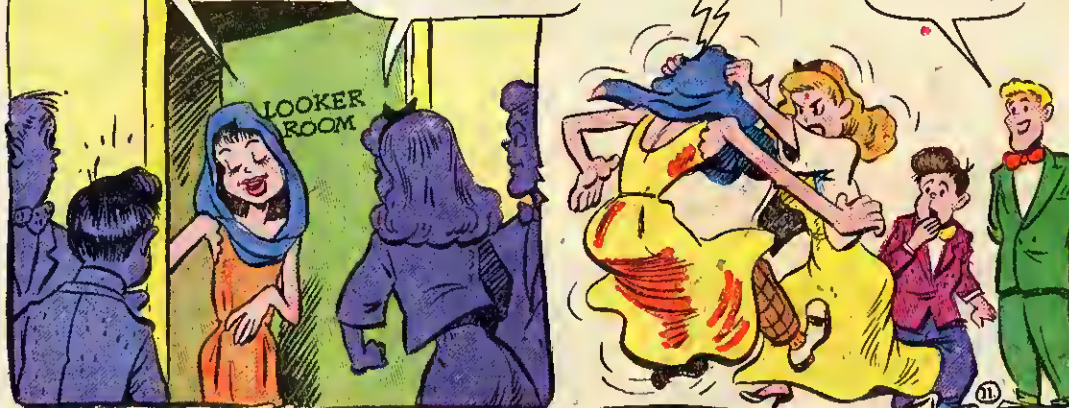
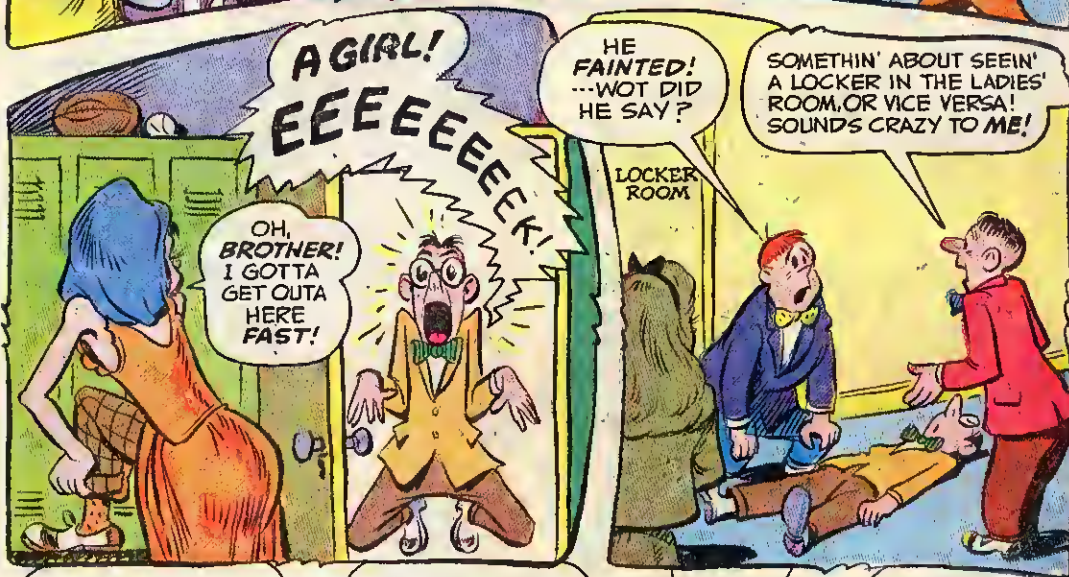
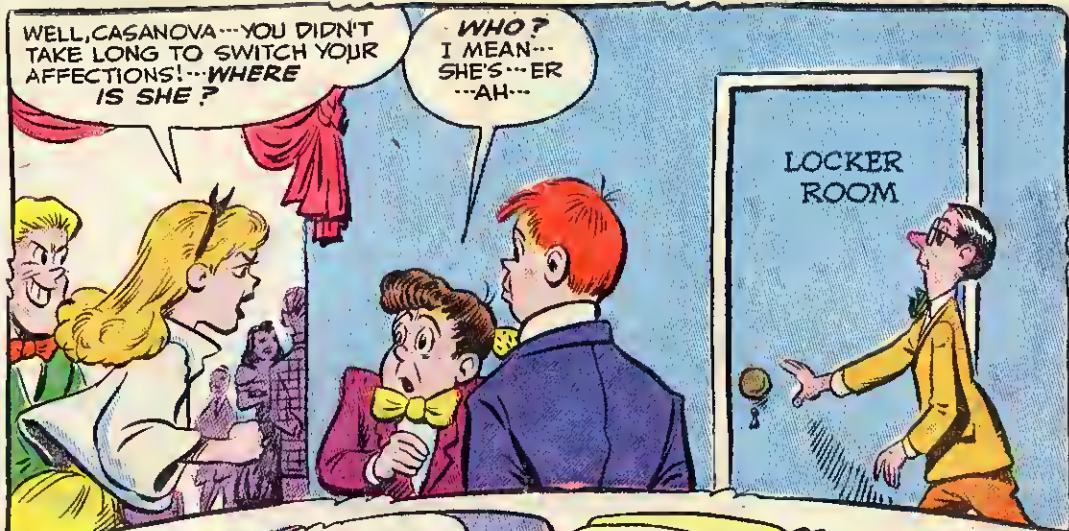
HI, **COOKIE**! WHERE'S JITTERBUCK TONIGHT?

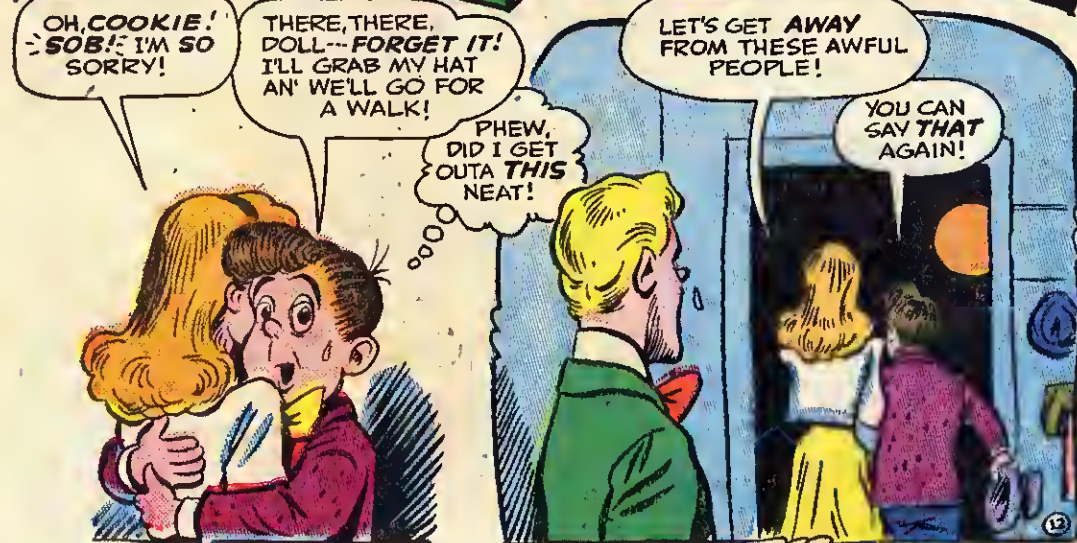
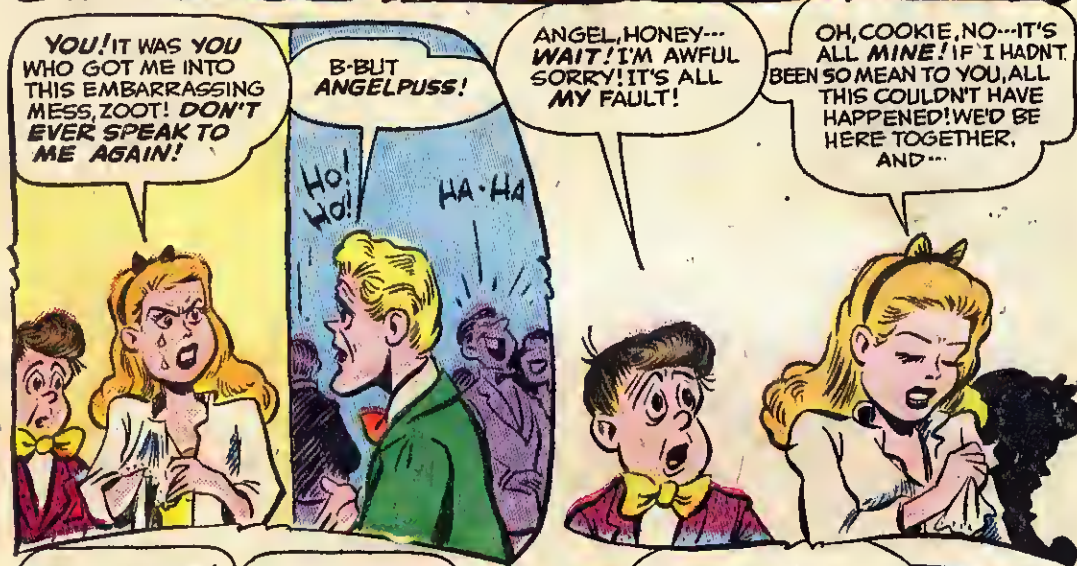
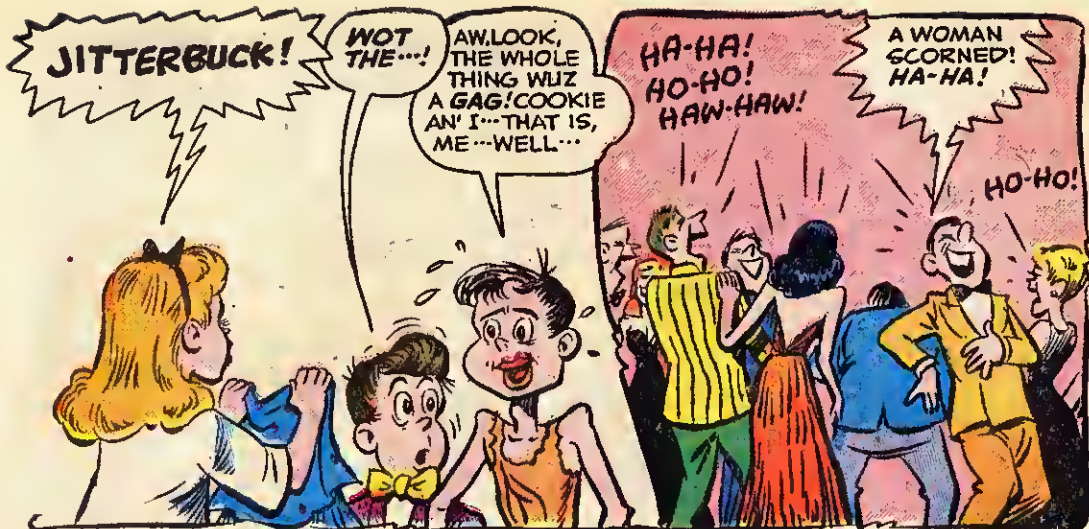
WELL, HE... HUH?

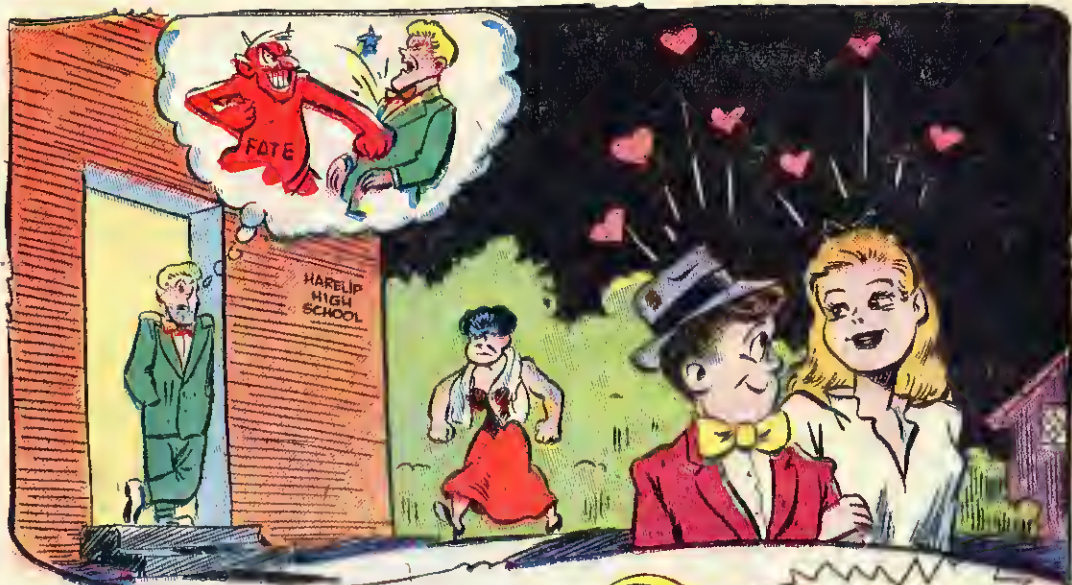
AH SAID PLEASE EXCUSE LI'L OL' ME FOR A MOMENT!

NOW FOR A QUICK TRANSFORMATION!









I BEG YOUR PARDON,
BUT MY NAME IS **LEILANI
LOVEJOY!**...DO YOU KNOW
A JERK NAMED **COOKIE?**

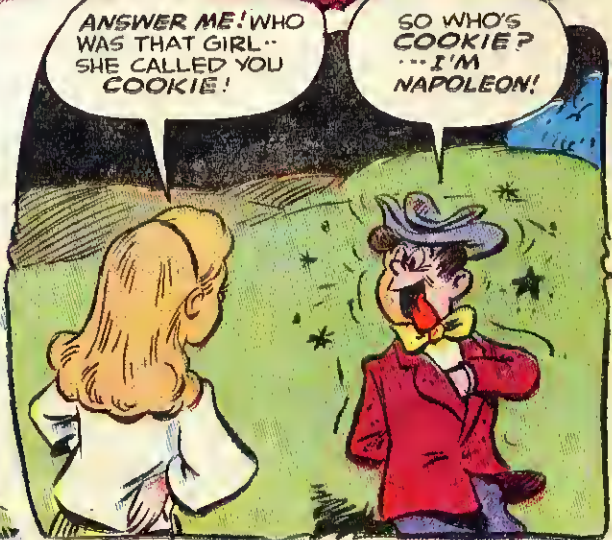
SURE! THAT'S
HIM OVER THERE
WITH THE **BLONDE!**



**THERE, COOKIE
O'TOOLE! THAT'LL
TEACH YOU NOT TO
GIVE A DAME A
STANDUP!**



WHY, WHO
WAS THAT?



**ANSWER ME! WHO
WAS THAT GIRL--
SHE CALLED YOU
COOKIE!**

**SO WHO'S
COOKIE?
...I'M
NAPOLEON!**

PICKLES

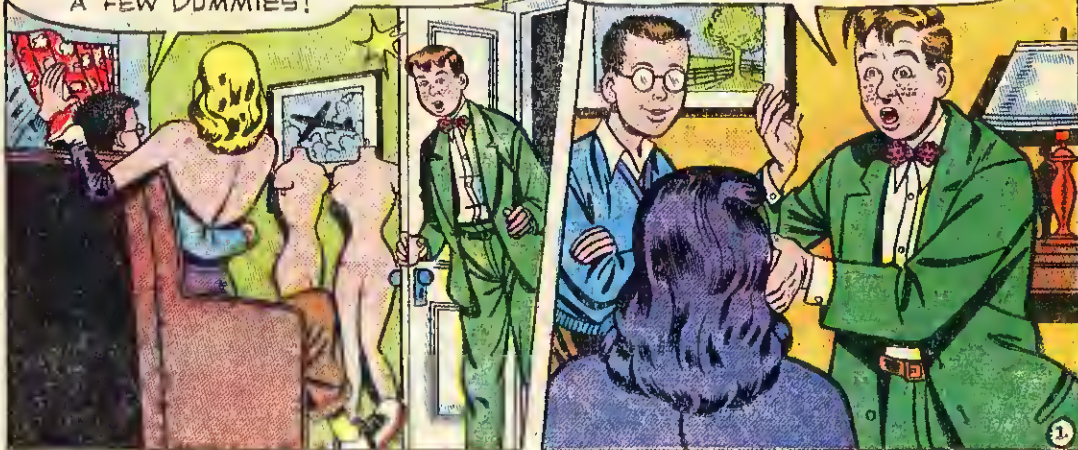
by
AL HARTLEY

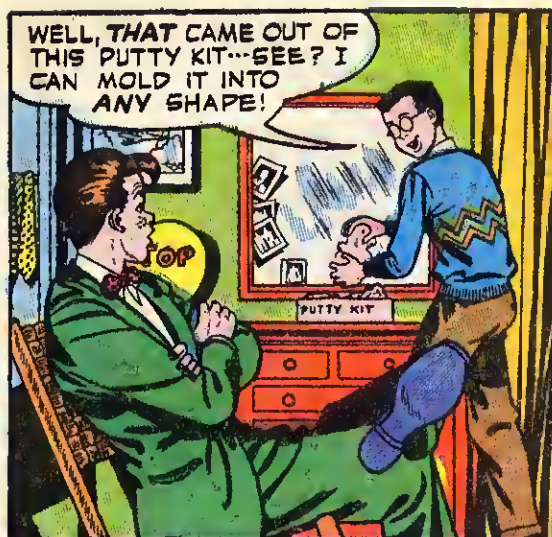
B-BINKIE!
Y-YOU...AND
LIZBETH SCOTT!



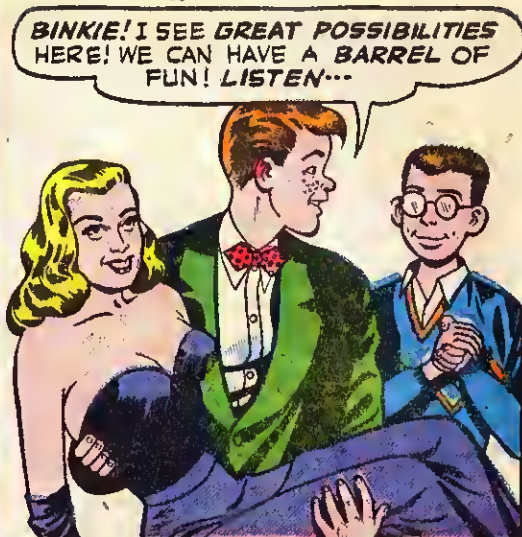
CALM DOWN, PAL...IT'S ONLY AN OLD
MANNEQUIN OF MY UNCLE'S! HE'S A
WINDOW DESIGNER, AND HE GAVE ME
A FEW DUMMIES!

B-BUT, THIS FACE!...GOLLY, IT'S SO
LIFELIKE...AND THE DROOLIN'
IMAGE OF LIZBETH SCOTT!!

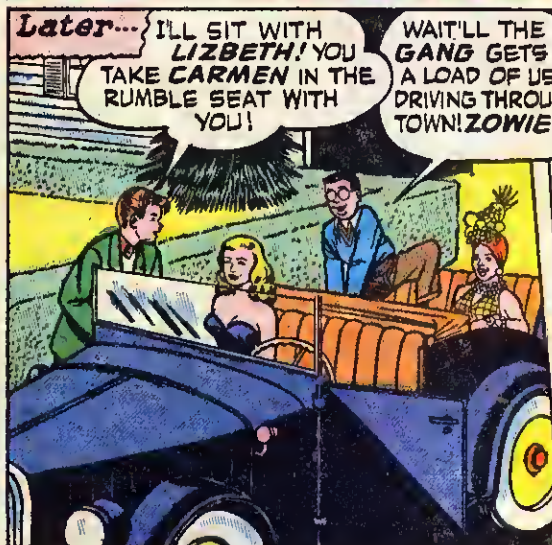




WELL, THAT CAME OUT OF THIS PUTTY KIT...SEE? I CAN MOLD IT INTO ANY SHAPE!



BINKIE! I SEE GREAT POSSIBILITIES HERE! WE CAN HAVE A BARREL OF FUN! LISTEN...



Later...

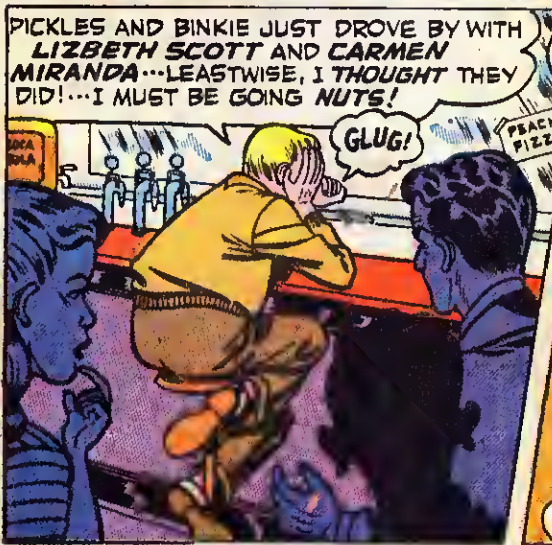
I'LL SIT WITH LIZBETH! YOU TAKE CARMEN IN THE RUMBLE SEAT WITH YOU!

WAIT'LL THE GANG GETS A LOAD OF US DRIVING THROUGH TOWN! ZOWIE!



GIMME A DOUBLE COKE, QUICK! I GOTTA STRAIGHTEN MYSELF OUT!

BEEFY, WHAT'S YOUR MALADJUSTMENT?



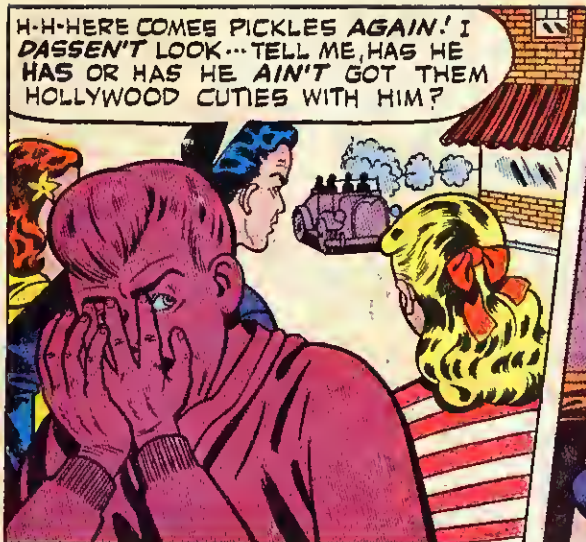
PICKLES AND BINKIE JUST DROVE BY WITH LIZBETH SCOTT AND CARMEN MIRANDA...LEASTWISE, I THOUGHT THEY DID!...I MUST BE GOING NUTS!

GLUG!

PEACH PIZZ



HAH-HAH! DID YOU SEE BEEFY'S FACE? WE'LL GO AROUND THE BLOCK AGAIN! THIS'LL SLAY THEM!



H-H-HERE COMES PICKLES AGAIN! I DASSEN'T LOOK... TELL ME, HAS HE HAS OR HAS HE AIN'T GOT THEM HOLLYWOOD CUTIES WITH HIM?



OH, HELLO, KIDS...

(AHEM) WHAT WERE YOU SAYING, LIZ?



WELL, I'LL BE...!

C'MON, KEWPIE! LET'S LOOK INTO THIS!

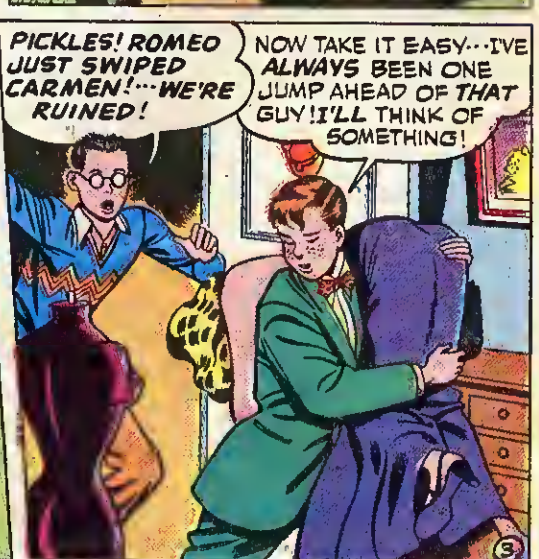
ACE BAKERY



HUH! LOOKIT THAT FAKER! DUMMIES! FIGURED SOMETHING LIKE THIS!



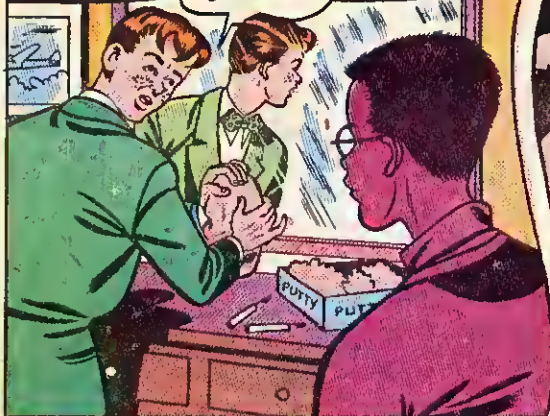
WE'LL JUST TAKE ONE OF THESE DUMMIES BACK TO THE COZIE COKERIE AND SHOW PICKLES UP... BUT GOOD!



PICKLES! ROMEO JUST SWIPED CARMEN!... WE'RE RUINED!

NOW TAKE IT EASY... I'VE ALWAYS BEEN ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THAT GUY! I'LL THINK OF SOMETHING!

LOOK! YOU'VE PASSED AS A GIRL BEFORE
...WE GOTTA GET AWAY WITH THE ACT
AGAIN! ...NOW, WHILE I MOLD THIS
PUTTY INTO SHAPE, YOU ... BUZZ ...
BUZZ ...



OKAY, BINKIE ... YOU'RE ALL SET!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO DO?

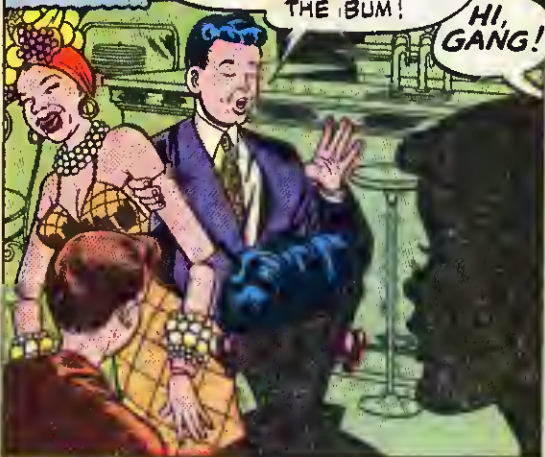
NATCH! I MEAN,
SURE T'ING,
PEEBCKLES!



At the
Cozie
Cokerie..

(CHUCKLE) SEE GANG, I THWARTED
ANOTHER HOAX BY PICKLES!
WE SHOULD BOYCOTT
THE BUM!

HI,
GANG!



IT'S PICKLES ... WITH
ANOTHER DUMMY! B BUT
THIS ONE WALKS!

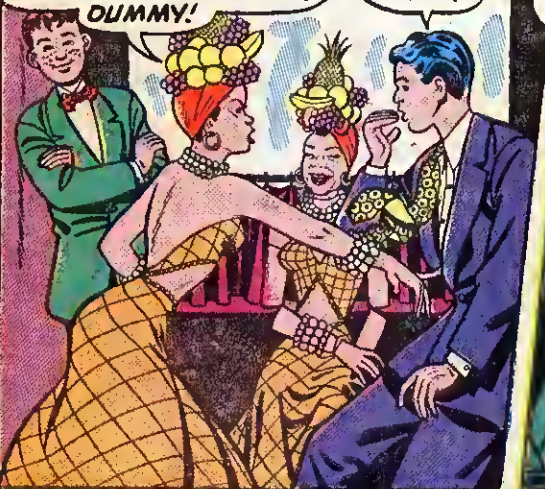


ZAT'S ZEE ONE ... HEEM!
HE STEAL MY CLOTHES
DUMMY!

...AND TALKS,
TOO!

B BUT CARMEN ... I
MEAN, MISS MIRANDA
... I THOUGHT ...

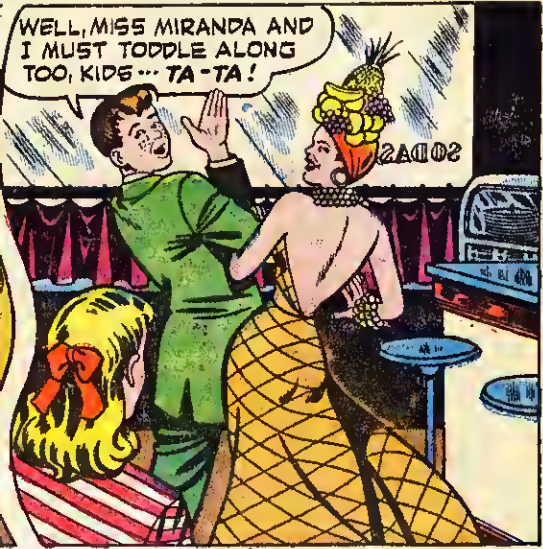
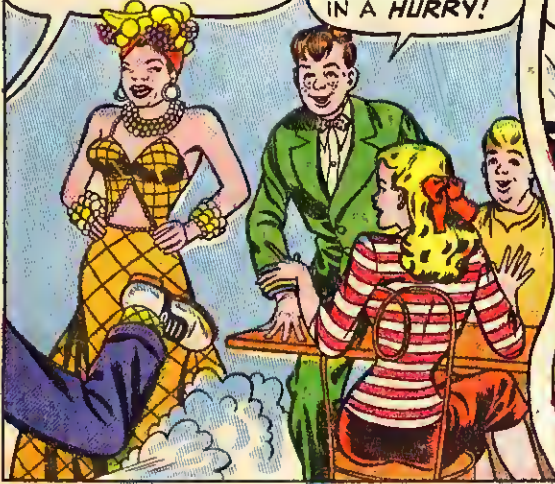
SHUT ZE MOUSE,
BEEG BOY ... I
TEENK I LOCK
YOU UP FOR THEES!



I-I JUST REMEMBERED
AN APPOINTMENT!

HAH-HAH! DID
ROMEO SCRAM
IN A HURRY!

WELL, MISS MIRANDA AND
I MUST TODDLE ALONG
TOO, KIDS... TA-TA!



KEWPIE, THERE'S STILL SOMETHING FISHY
ABOUT THIS! NOTICE HOW MUCH TROUBLE
CARMEN HAS **SEEING?**...ABOUT LIKE **BINKIE**
WOULD HAVE **WITHOUT HIS GLASSES!** LET'S
SNEAK OVER TO **BINKIE'S**...ON A HUNCH!

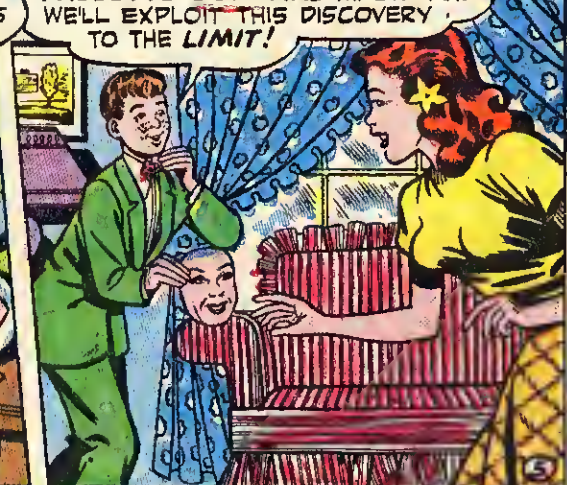
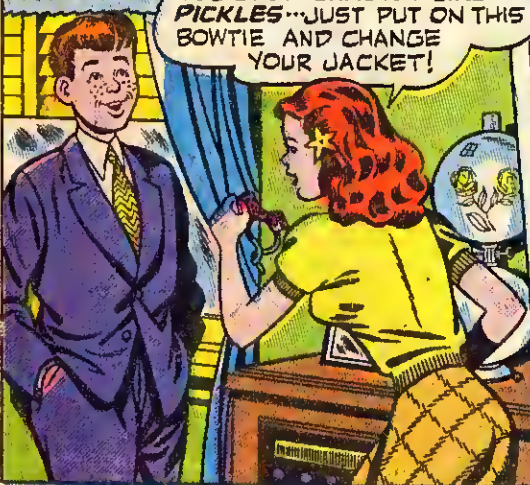
SEE, KEWPIE? WHAT DID I **TELL** YOU?
WHY, WITH THIS PUTTY KIT, I COULD MAKE
MYSELF LOOK LIKE ANYONE!...**YEAH,**
EVEN **PICKLES!** A REVOLTING THOUGHT,
BUT VERY **USEFUL** RIGHT NOW!



10 MINUTES
LATER...

ROMEO, THAT'S PERFECT!
YOU LOOK EXACTLY LIKE
PICKLES...JUST PUT ON THIS
BOWTIE AND CHANGE
YOUR JACKET!

OKAY! NOW YOU PUT ON THIS
PAULETTE GODDARD MASK...AND
WE'LL EXPLOIT THIS DISCOVERY
TO THE **LIMIT!**



PICKLES...YOU BACK AGAIN? WITH PAULETTE GODOARD THIS TIME!!

YEAH, DEBBIE... I GOT NEWS FOR YOU!

ME AND PAULETTE HERE SORTA GO FOR EACH OTHER...SO I WON'T BE COMING AROUND TO SEE YOU ANYMORE!

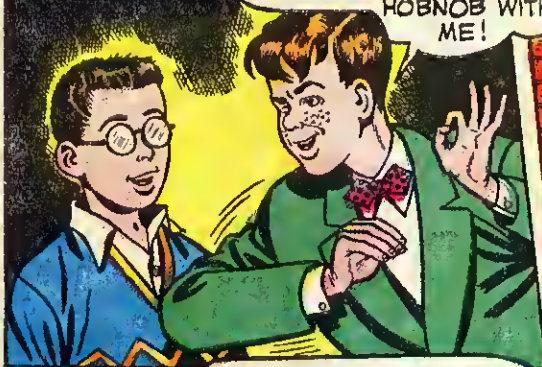
School Hop!
Saturday
Tickets 25¢



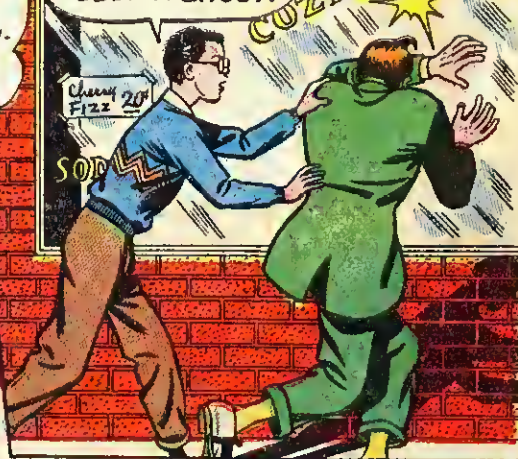
WOW! DOES THAT FIX MR. PICKLES!!

MEANWHILE, THE REAL PICKLES APPROACHES THE COZIE COKERIE...

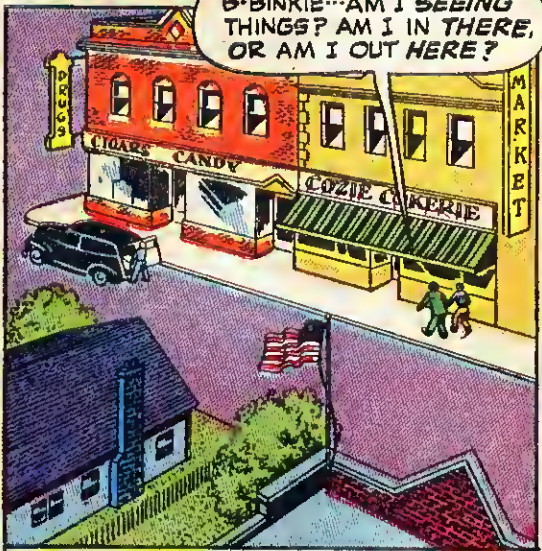
NOW COMES THE COUP DE GRACE, BINKIE! I TELL DEBBIE SHE'S STILL MY NUMBER ONE GAL, EVEN THOUGH ALL THE HOLLYWOOD FILLIES WANNA HOBNOB WITH ME!



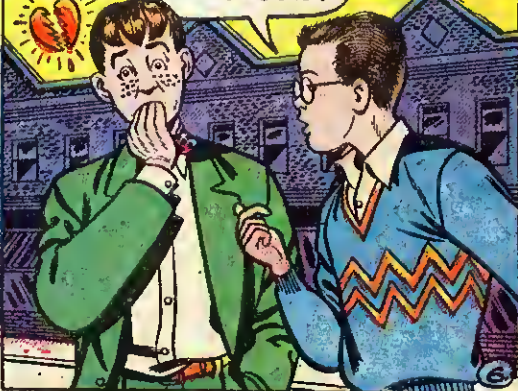
PICKLES! WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!



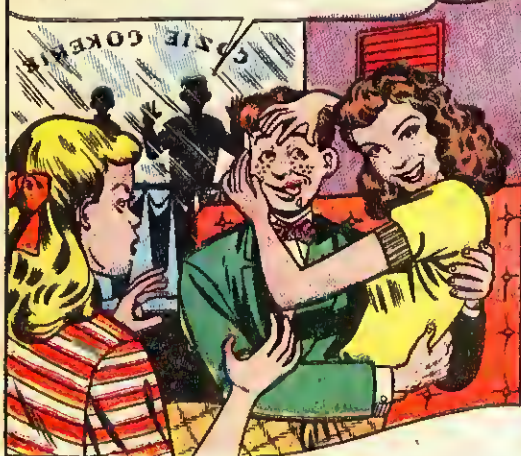
B-BINKIE...AM I SEEING THINGS? AM I IN THERE, OR AM I OUT HERE?



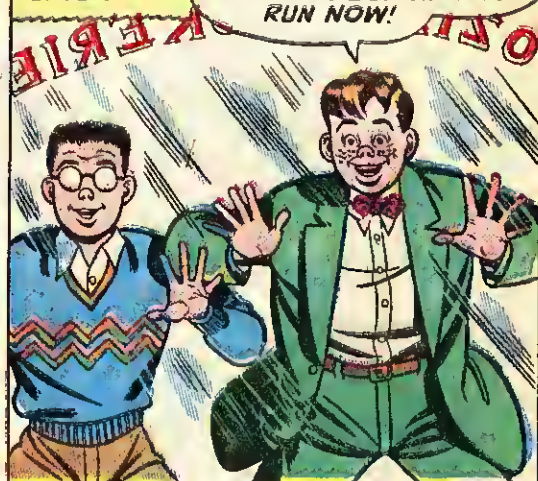
HOLY SMOKE! ROMEO MUST'VE LEARNED MORE ABOUT YOUR SCHEME THAN YOU FIGURED!...HE'S DISGUISED HIMSELF AS YOU...AND YOU CAN BET HE'S SNAFUING THINGS UP BETWEEN YOU AND DEBBIE!



HEY...HE'S SITTING BY A HEAT VENT, BINKIE!
RUN DOWN THE CELLAR AND TURN THE
HEAT UP AS HIGH AS IT'LL GO!



TEN MINUTES LATER... WOW...IT'S WORKING! THE
PUTTY'S BEGINNING TO RUN NOW!



PICKLES! ARE
YOU WELL? YOUR
FACE IS DROOPING!



WHAT? UH...I-AH...OH, NUTS!
NOW I AM STUCK!



IT'S JUST ROMEO,
DEBBIE! UP TO
ANOTHER OF HIS
FOUL STUNTS!

CLEAR OUT, YOU SNAKE!
AND NEVER DARKEN
MY COKE BOOTH AGAIN!



WELL, DEBBIE, ALL THIS SHOULD
PROVE I'M STILL PUTTY IN
YOUR HANDS!



The HITCH in HITCH-HIKE

"OH, woe is me! Oh, very woe is me!" sighed Cookie as he passed Angelpuss Witherspoon's house. "A whole weekend . . . without Angel! I'll never be able ta understand why she had to go an' visit her ol' cousin Lottie in marshtown. Phooey!"

The blare of an automobile horn cut into Cookie's soliloquy. "Well, well, well!" an obnoxiously hearty voice exclaimed. "If it isn't Cookie O'Toole, the perfect fool!"

"Whaddaya doin' in that junk heap, Zoot?" Cookie demanded, indicating Zoot's bright blue roadster. "Waitin' ta be picked up an' carted away?"

"I just stopped long enough to say so long," Zoot explained. "If you must know, I'm takin' a short haul to Marsh-town! I plan to pay my respects to Angelpuss Witherspoon! Any messages?"

"Aw, get lost," said Cookie wearily. "Anything I have ta tell Angel, I'll tell 'er myself!"

"In that case," Zoot smiled smugly, "farewell!"

Cookie watched the blue roadster speed out on the Marshtown Road, and a deep bitterness welled up in his heart. Visions of Zoot dancing with Angel, sharing her coke and seeing her home under a starry sky danced before his eyes.

"No!" A note of determination crept into Cookie's wavering voice. "If anybody gets to date Angelpuss Witherspoon this weekend, it'll be me! I'm going to Marshtown!"

Cookie approached his old jalopy reverently, prayerfully.

"Pinto, ol' pal," he said, patting the dented right fender tenderly, "yuh

gotta carry me to Marshtown afore the dawn! Whaddaya say, ol' hoss?"

As he touched the fender for the third time, the car seemed to wheeze violently. A shudder shook its chassis and then, without a honk of warning, the ancient jalopy bit the dust.

"Hmmm," Cookie hummed thoughtfully, looking at the tired wreck. "There are *still* trains running! The fare, I believe, is three dollars and fifty-seven cents!"

Cookie found his father in the tool shed. "Only three dollars and fifty-seven cents, pop," he pleaded. "That's all I need to get me to Marshtown and Heaven!"

"And another three dollars plus to get back," said Mr. O'Toole, smacking his thumb with a hammer. "Drat! Nothing doing, my boy! Miss Witherspoon will be back home Sunday night. You'll just have to wait until then to see her!"

"How about lending me your car, dad?" Cookie made a last, desperate try.

"What I have to say is final," replied Mr. O'Toole. "No!"

All the anguish in the world seemed to be centered inside of Cookie O'Toole as he pondered the Marsh-town problem. There, fifteen measly miles away, was Angelpuss Witherspoon. And a certain heel named Zoot!

"I can't stand it any longer!" Cookie yelled. "I'm goin' ta Marshtown . . . by thumb!"

Mrs. O'Toole thought it was silly of Cookie and Mr. O'Toole thought it would serve him right to try. But Cookie had nothing but happy thoughts as he stood on the roadside

and signalled the Marshstown-bound traffic.

A rickety old car that seemed to be missing a horse in front came to a screeching halt and a sweet little gray-haired lady, all smiles and wrinkles, leaned out of the high window. "Come along, lad," she invited Cookie. "This car seats two, you know!"

About a mile down the road, the car started to tremble all over. Then there was a long, sharp "Hsssss," and the ancient relic stopped short.

"Drat!" the old lady said. "There goes a tire! You'll help me change it, won't you, lad?"

"Help you!" said Cookie gallantly. "I'll change it myself!"

Four hours later, Cookie flung himself down, dog-tired, covered with grease, and aching in every bone. He had had to switch all four tires "to equalize the distribution," the old lady said.

It seemed they were also out of water. "It's only a mile back to town . . . really nothing for a strapping hoy like you! And while you're at it, bring back some gasoline, won't you?"

"I . . . I'm sorry," Cookie apologized, when he could breathe once more. "I'm in an *awful* hurry to get to Marshstown. I've just got to go now!"

A long, low-slung roadster came to a gliding stop. "Hop in, kid!" the driver ordered tersely . . . and Cookie hopped.

Zzzzip! The car shot forward as though it were jet-propelled. "Gosh!" Cookie quivered, clutching the seat for support. "This guy's a *maniac*!"

Without regard for conversation, traffic lights or danger signals, the driver of Cookie's "lift" sped towards Marshstown. "We're there! We're almost in Marshstown!" Cookie shouted, as he saw its buildings about a mile

down the road. But the driver had other plans. Making a sharp right turn, he sped down a winding road . . . away, far away from Cookie's goal!

Ten miles later, poor Cookie tumbled out on the road and made a final effort to get back to Marshstown. This time, it was a lumber truck, bound for Marshstown, that gave Cookie a break . . . he thought!

All Cookie had to do was hop out of the truck every half-mile or so and help unload lumber, stacking it neatly into huge piles. All he had to do was lug the tremendous planks from the platform of the truck, and hoist them, redwood by redwood, to some inaccessible spot about a million miles away!

It was nightfall when Cookie O'Toole finally got into Marshstown. His face was stained with grease and mud, his clothes were torn, his shoes were ragged, his hair was messy and his hands were full of splinters. But his heart was full of love and hope as he rang the doorbell on the door of the little white house that belonged to Angel's cousin Lottie!

It was Lottie who opened the door and shrieked when she saw the apparition on the front porch.

"Is . . . is Miss Angelpuss Witherspoon in?" asked the apparition. "I've come a long way to see her. A long, long way!"

"I'm sorry," answered cousin Lottie, looking nervously around, "but Miss Witherspoon just left for home with a friend. Someone named Zoot!"

The apparition howled loudly and pitifully. "No! No! I wuz countin' on a ride back! Oh, my achin' thumb!"

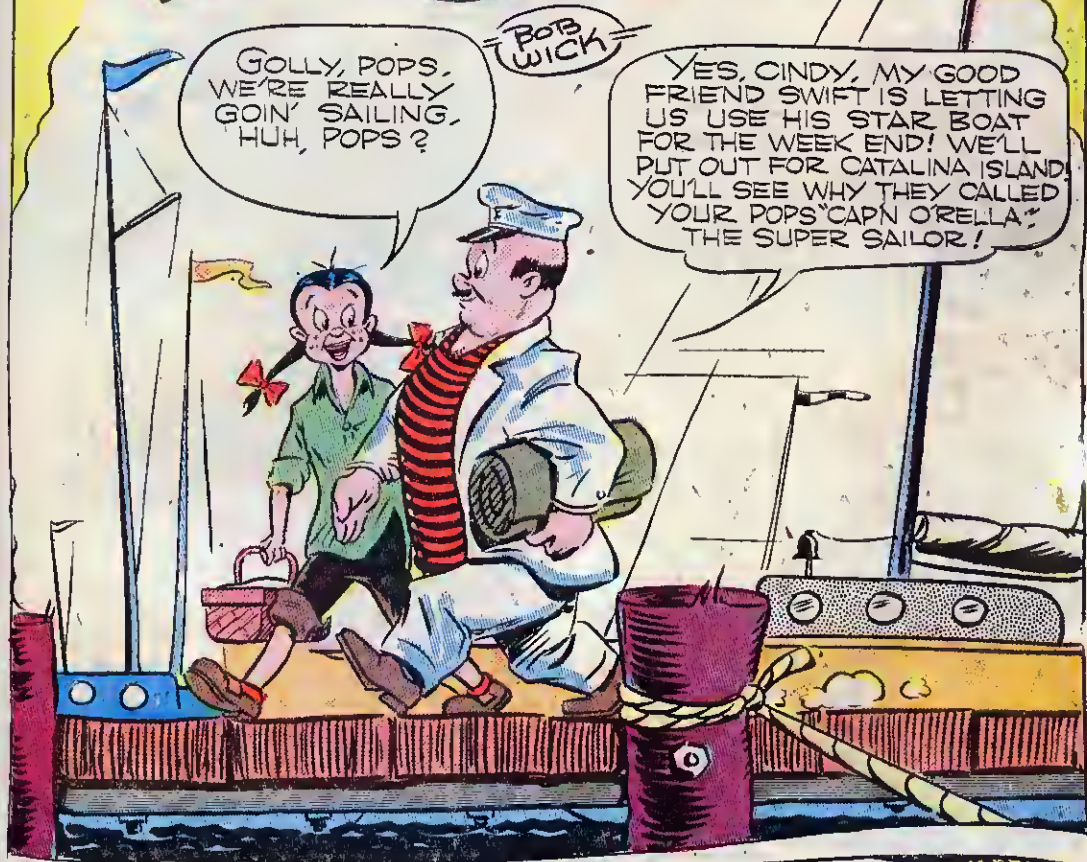
There was no other out. Cookie O'Toole had only one way of getting back to home and Angelpuss Witherspoon and that was by . . . *hitchhiking*!

OUR KID SISTER

GOLLY, POPS,
WE'RE REALLY
GOIN' SAILING.
HUH, POPS?

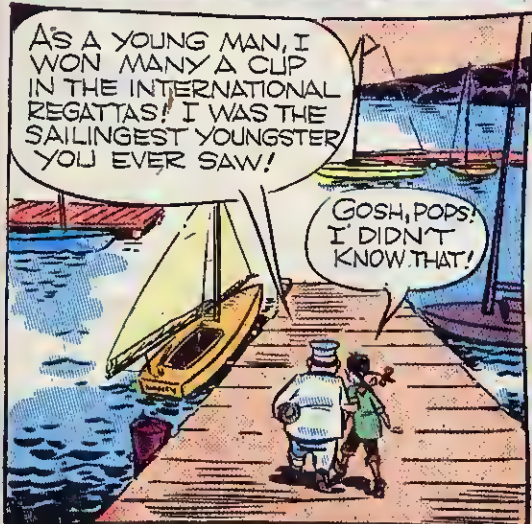
BOB
WICK

YES, CINDY, MY GOOD
FRIEND SWIFT IS LETTING
US USE HIS STAR BOAT
FOR THE WEEK END! WE'LL
PUT OUT FOR CATALINA ISLAND!
YOU'LL SEE WHY THEY CALLED
YOUR POPS "CAPN O'RELLA"
THE SUPER SAILOR!



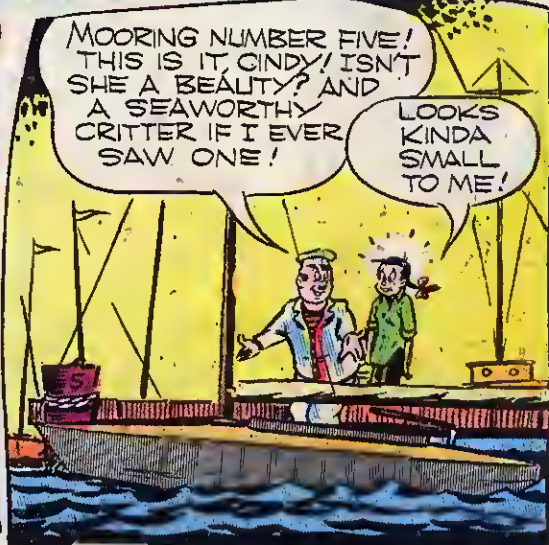
A'S A YOUNG MAN, I
WON MANY A CLIP
IN THE INTERNATIONAL
REGATTAS! I WAS THE
SAILINGEST YOUNGESTER
YOU EVER SAW!

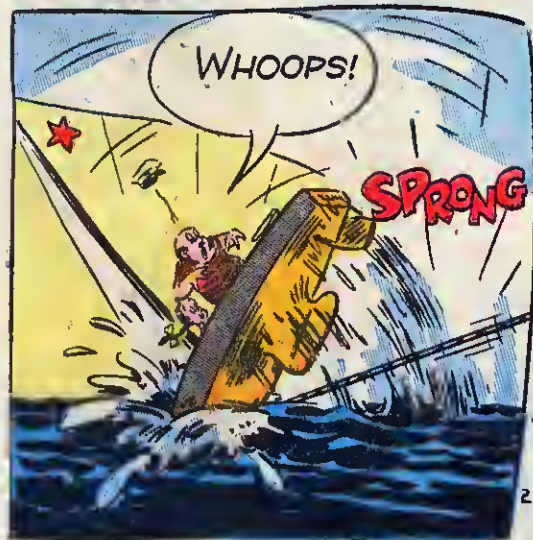
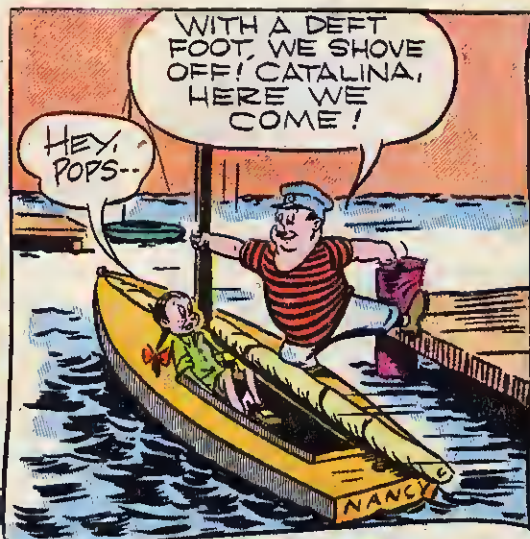
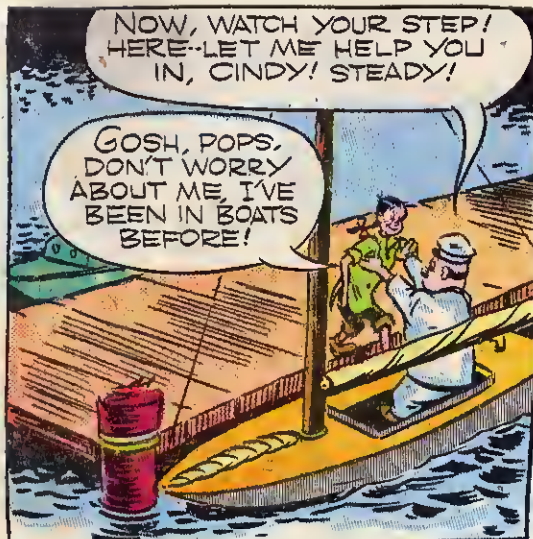
GOSH, POPS!
I DIDN'T
KNOW THAT!

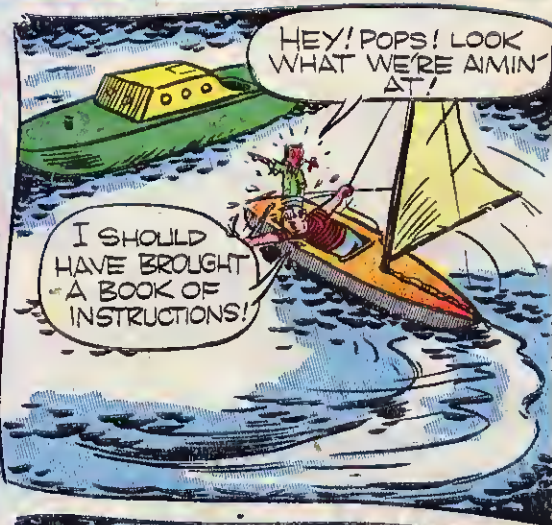
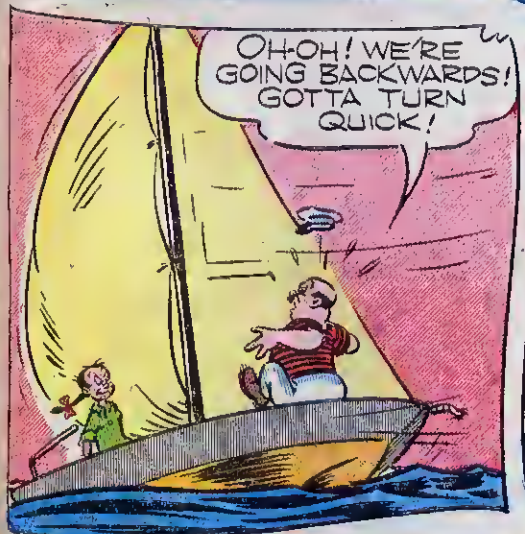
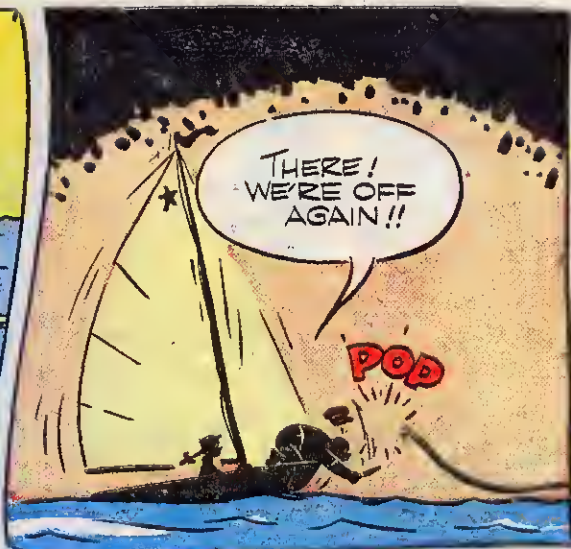
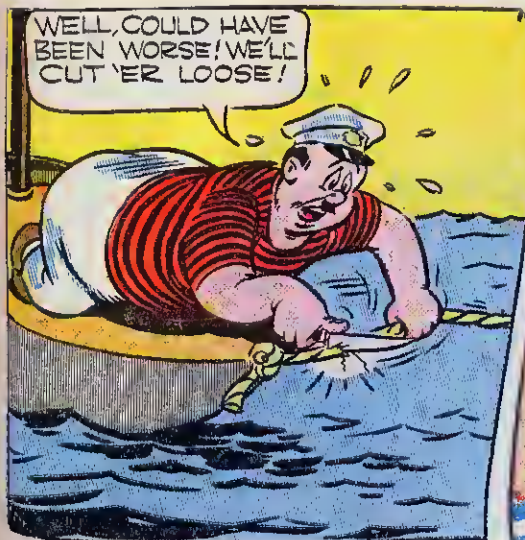


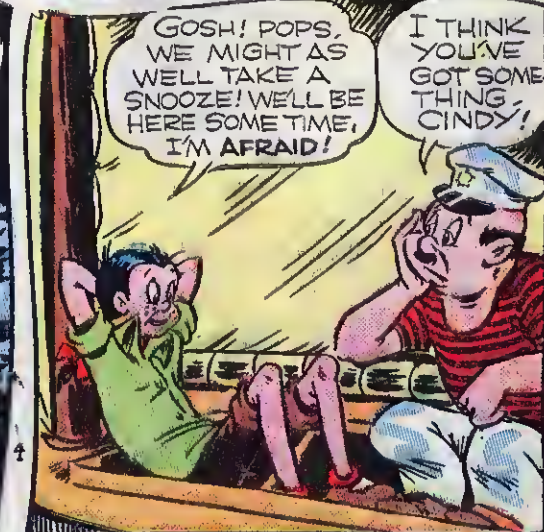
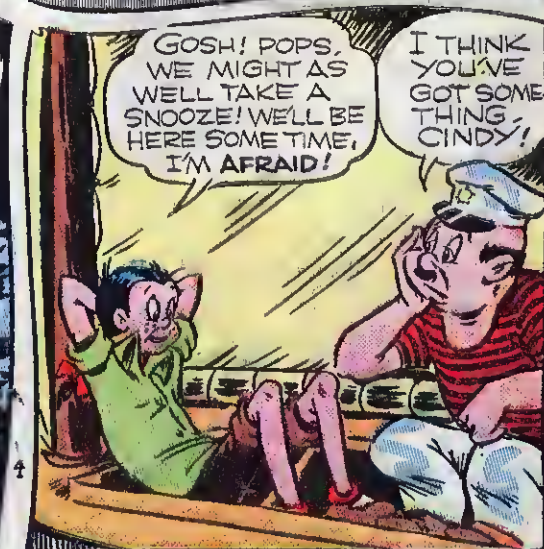
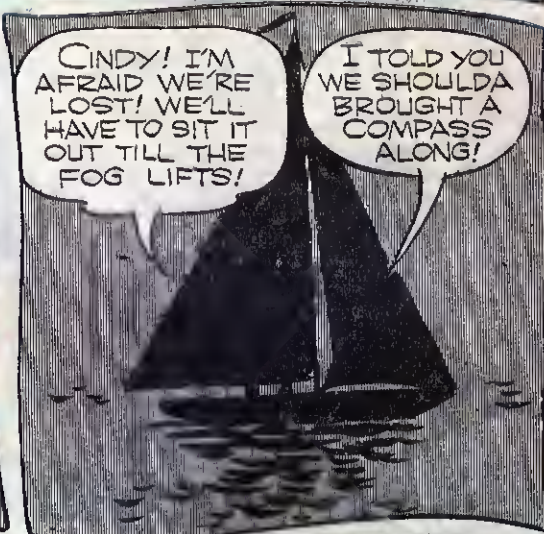
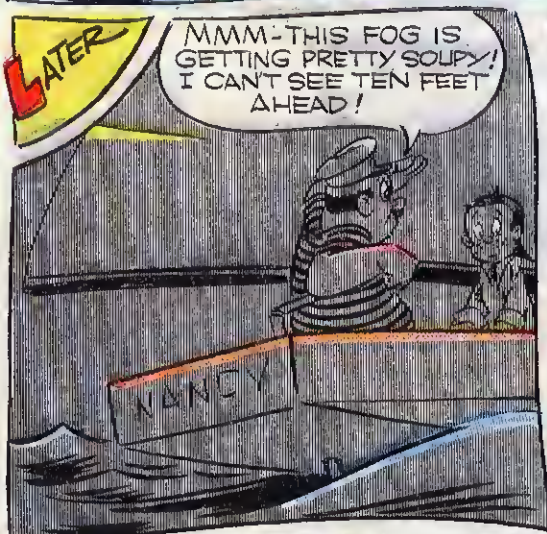
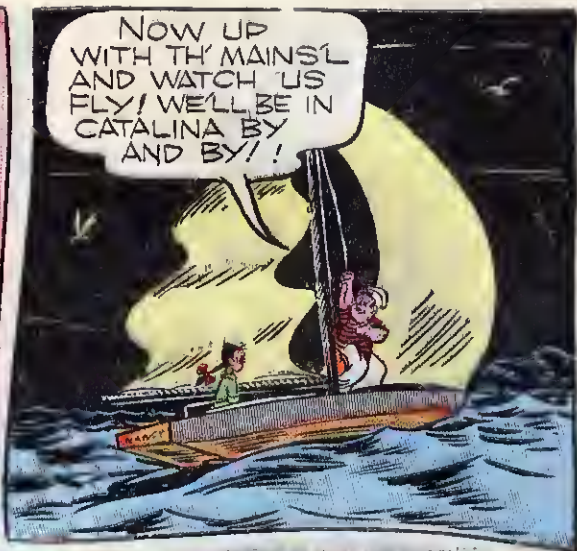
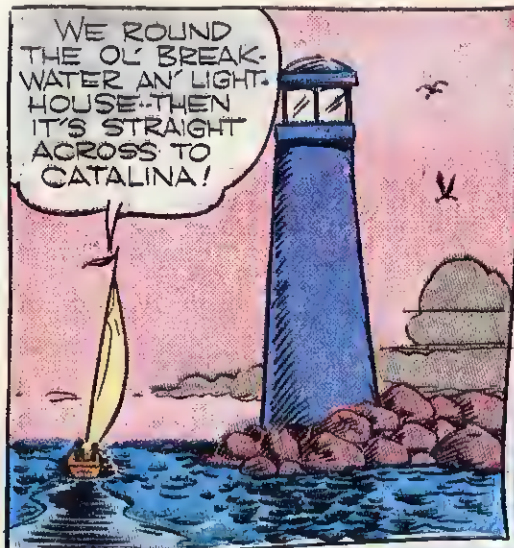
MOORING NUMBER FIVE!
THIS IS IT, CINDY! ISN'T
SHE A BEAUTY? AND
A SEAWORTHY
CRITTER IF I EVER
SAW ONE!

LOOKS
KINDA
SMALL
TO ME!

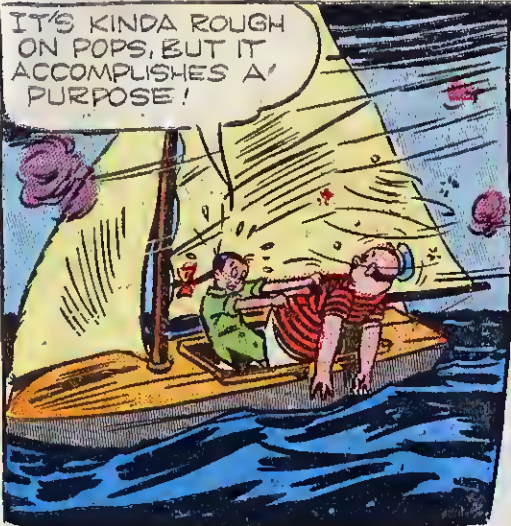








IT'S KINDA ROUGH
ON POPS, BUT IT
ACCOMPLISHES A
PURPOSE!



NOW THAT HE'S SAFELY OUT
OF THE WAY FOR A WHILE,
I'LL BRING OUT MY GIRL SCOUT
COMPASS AND GET LOCATED
AGAIN! HMM! LET ME SEE...
NOR' BY NOR' EAST!

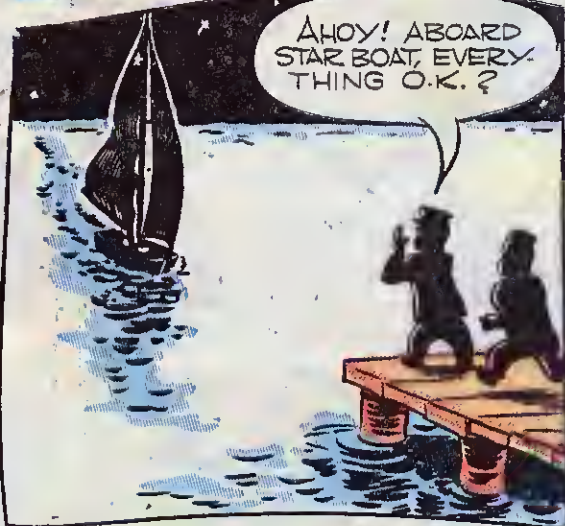


WELL,
LITTLE OL'
COMPASS DID
IT!



SEVERAL
HOURS
LATER

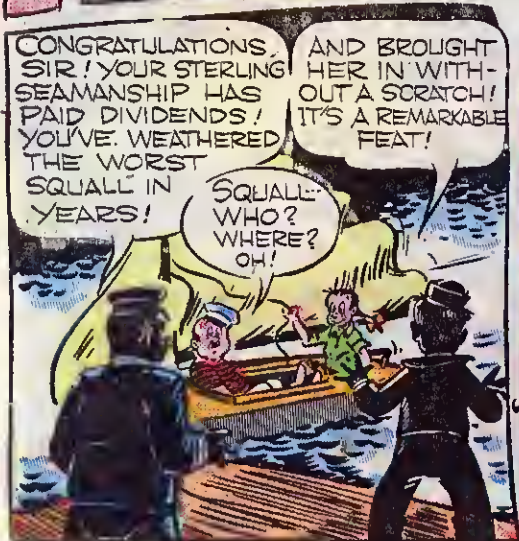
AHOY! ABOARD
STAR BOAT, EVERY-
THING O.K.?



CONGRATULATIONS,
SIR! YOUR STERLING
SEAMANSHIP HAS
PAID DIVIDENDS!
YOU'VE WEATHERED
THE WORST
SQUALL IN
YEARS!

AND BROUGHT
HER IN WITH-
OUT A SCRATCH!
IT'S A REMARKABLE
FEAT!

SQUALL
WHO?
WHERE?
OH!



ALL CATALINA IS BUZZING
ABOUT YOUR DARING EXPLOIT!
TELL US MORE,
CAPN!

WELL-AH-
THERE-I-
AH-WE WERE-
JEEPERS,
POPS! THANKS!



And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A NEW BODY

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system — "Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on *top of the world* in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how *short* a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

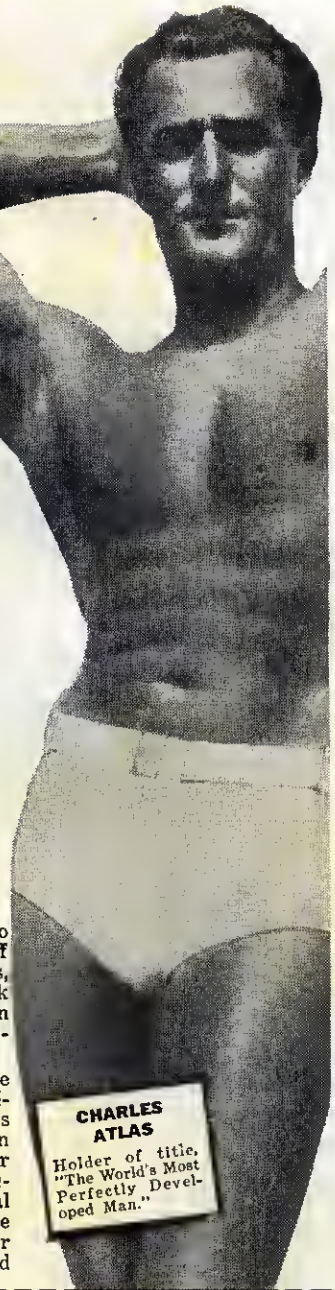
No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky?

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2K 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

Are you short-winded, pepleless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.



CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of title,
"The World's Most
Perfectly Devel-
oped Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2K
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.

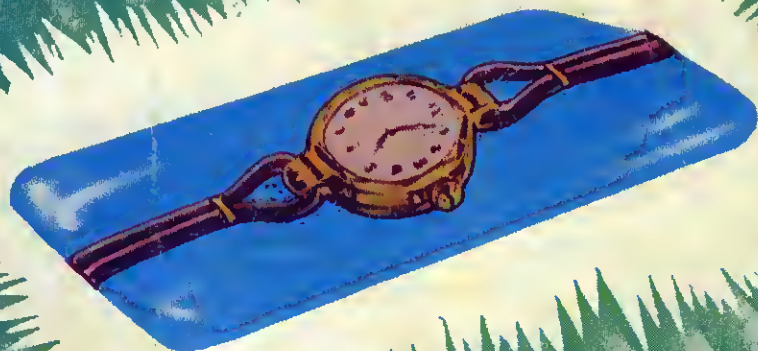
I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Hand Out Only 20 Coupons FREE



**CHOICE OF LADY'S
OR MAN'S WATCH**

WRIST WATCH GIVEN

Just for helping us get acquainted with new customers and friends, we will send your choice of a smart, new, imported Swiss movement, Lady's Wrist Watch or dependable Man's Wrist Watch for handing out or mailing only 20 snapshots and photo Enlargement Coupons **FREE** to neighbors and relatives. There is **nothing** for you to buy. There is **nothing** for you to sell and collect for. Your exquisite Wrist Watch is sent in a special gift box when all of the coupons have come back to us with a snapshot for enlarging. You can even mail these Enlargement Coupons to friends and relatives in other towns if you wish. Everyone is happy to use the coupon because it gives them our new bargain offer of a beautiful 5x7 inch enlargement at only 19c. You will be charmed and thrilled with your beautiful Wrist Watch. Send today for your 20 get-acquainted Enlargement Coupons to hand out **FREE** and also get our **EXTRA GIFT** offer of a beautiful simulated Birthstone Ring correct for your month of birth, also given when half of the coupons are used. Be first to wear such a beautiful Wrist Watch and Birthstone Ring.

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